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TREASURE ROOM

Accessions

149.513

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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Thomas Heywood. THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.
London, 1638.

A popular seventeenth century play based on a plot also used by Shakespeare. The Address to the Reader discusses the contemporary publishing piracy by which many of Shakespeare's plays were printed without authorization and other plays were falsely attributed to him.



THE
R A P E
OF
L V C R E C E,

A true Roman Tragedy.

With the severall Songs in their apt places, by
Valerius the merry Lord among the Roman
Peeres.

The Copy revised, and fundry Songs before omitted,
now inserted in their right places.

Acted by Her Majesties Servants at the
Red-Bull.

The fifth Impression.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *Iohn Raworth*, for *Nathaniel Butter*.

1 6 3 8.

THE
RAPID
OF
LIVERCE

149.573

May, 1878

Убедитесь, что вы правильно понимаете, что вы делаете.

With the Gospel Songs in their places, by
which the many find among the Roman
Catholics.

The Copy revised, and thirty songs before sent.
and, now intended in their right places.

Approved by H. T. McClure Secretary at the
 2nd Mtg.

[illegible]

25000000



To the Reader.



I hath been no custome in me of all other men (courteous Reader) to commit my Playes to the Presse: the reason though some may attribute to my owne insufficiency, I had rather subscribe, in that, to their seveare censure, then by seeking to avoyd the imputation, of weakenesse, to incurre greater suspition of honesty: for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the Presse: For my owne part, I here proclaime my selfe euer faithfull in the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my Playes have (unknowne to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled, copied onely by the eare: that I have beene as unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his native habit: first being by consent, next because the rest have been so wronged, in being publisht in such savage and ragged ornaments: Accept it courteous Gentlemen, and proove as favourable Readers as we have found you gracious Auditors.

Yours, T. H.

Dramatis Personæ.

Servius King of Rome.

Tarquin The proud.

Tullia Wife of *Tarquin Superbus*.

Aruns } the two Sonnes of *Tarquin*.

Sextus }

Brutus Junior

Colatinus

Horatius Cocles.

Mutius Scevola

Lucretius

Porfenna King of the *Tuscans*.

Porfenna's Secretary.

Pub. Valerius

The Priest of *Apollo*.

2. Centinels

Lucretia ravisht by *Sextus*

Myrabile

Lucretius Maid.

The Clowne.

THE




The Rape of *Lucrece*.

SENATE.

Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus Tarquinius, Tullia, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators.

... before them

Tul.  Ithdraw! we must have private confe-

With our deere husband (rence

Tar. What would'd thou wife?

Tul. Be what I am, not, make thee greater

Then thou canst aime to be (farre

Tar. Why, I am *Tarquin*.

Tul. And I *Tullia*, what of that?

What Diapasons, more in *Tarquins* name

Then in a Subjects? or what's *Tullia*

More in the sound, then to become the name

Of a poore maid or waiting Gentlewoman?

I am a Princeesse both by birth and thoughts,

Yet all's but *Tullia*, ther's no resonance

In a bare stile: my title, beares no breadth;

Nor hath it any state: oh me, im'e sicke!

Tar. Sicke Lady?

Tul. Sicke at heart.

Tar. Why my sweet *Tullia*?

Tul. To be a queen I long, long, and am sicke.

With ardency my hot appetite's a fire,

Till my swolne fever be delivered

Of that great title queene, my heart's all Royall,

Not to be circumscribed in servile bounds,

The Rape of Lucrece.

While there's a King that rules the Peeres of *Rome*,
Tarquin makes legs, and *Tullia* curtsies low,
Bowes at each nod, and must not neere the state
Without obeyſance, oh! I hate this awe, my proud heart can
not brook it.

Tar. Heare me wife.

Tul. I am no wife of *Tarquins* if not King:
Oh had *Love* made me man, I would have mounted
Above the baſe tribunals of the earth,
Up to the Clouds, for pompous ſoveraignty.
Thou art a man, oh bare my royall mind,
Mount heaven, and ſee if *Tullia* lag behinde,
There is no earth in me, I am all fire,
Were *Tarquin* ſo, then ſhould we both aſpire.

Tar. Oh *Tullia*, though my body taſte of dulneſſe,
My ſoule is wing'd, to ſoare as high as thine,
But noate what flags our wings, forty five yeeres
The King thy father hath protected *Rome*.

Tul. That makes for us: the people covet changes,
Even the beſt things in time grow tedious.

Tar. T'would ſeeme unnaturall, in thee, my *Tullia*,
The reverend King, thy father to depoſe:

Tul. A kingdoms queſt, makes ſonnes and fathers foes.

Tar. And but by *Servius* fall we cannot climbe,
The balme that muſt anoint us is his blood.

Tul. Lets lave our brows then in that crimſon flood,
We muſt be bold and dreadleſſe: who aſpires,
Mounts by the lives of Fathers, Sons, and Sires.

Tar. And ſo muſt I, ſince for a kingdoms love,
Thou canſt deſpiſe a Father for a Crowne:

Tarquin ſhall mount, *Servius* be tumbled downe,
For he uſurps my ſtate, and firſt dep'old
My father in my ſwathed infancy,

For which he ſhall be conſtant: to this end

I have ſounded all the Peeres and Senators,
And though unknowne to thee my *Tullia*,
They all imbrace my faction: and ſo they
Love change of ſtate, an new King to obey.

Tul.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Tul. Now is my *Tarquin* worthy *Tullias* grace.
Since in my armes, I thus a King embrace.

Tar. The King should meet this day in Parliament.
Withall the Senate and Estates of *Rome*,
His place will I assume, and there proclaime,
All our decrees in Royall *Tarquins* name.

Florish.

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Collatine
and Senators.*

Luc. May it please thee noble *Tarquin* to attend
The King this day in the high Capitoll?

Tul. Attend?

Tar. We intend this day to see the Capitoll.
You knew our Father good *Lucretius*:

Luc. I did my Lord.

Tar. Was not I his Son?

The Queen my mother was of royall thoughts
And pure heart, as unblemish'd Innocence.

Luc. What askes my Lord?

Tar. Sonnes should succeed their fathers, but anon
You shall heare more, hightime that we were gone.

Florish.

Exeunt: Manet Collatine and Valerius.

Col. Ther's morall sure in this, *Valerius*.
Hett's modell yea, and matter too to breed
Strange Meditations in the provident braines
Of our grave Fathers: some strange project lives
This day in Cradle that's but newly borne.

Val. No doubt *Colatine* no doubt, heres a giddy and drunken world, it Reeles, it hath got the staggers, the common-wealth is sicke of an Ague, of which nothing can cure her but some violent and sudden affrightment.

Col. The wife of *Tarquin* would be a Queen, nay of my life she is with childe till she be so.

Val. And longs to be brought to bed of a Kingdome, I divine, we shall see some scuffling to day in the Capitoll.

Col. If there be any difference among the Princes and Senate, whose faction will *Valerius* follow?

Val. Oh *Collatine*, I am a true Citizen, and in this I will best shew my selfe to be one, to take part with the strongest.

If

The Rape of Lucrece.

If *Servius* orecome, I am Liegeman to *Servius*, and if *Tarquin* subdue, I am for *live Tarquinius*.

Col. Valerius, no more, this talke does but keep us from the sight of this solemnity : by this the Princes are entring the Capitoll : come, we must attend. *Exeunt*

S E N A T E.

Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius one way : Brutus meeting them the other way very humorously.

Tar. This place is not for fooles, this parliament Assembles not the straines of Ideotisme, Onely the grave and wisest of the Land : Important are th' affaires we have in hand. Hence with that Mome.

Luc. Brutus forbear the presence.

Brut. Forbear the presence ! why pra'y ?

Sext. None are admitted to this grave concourse But wise men : nay good *Brutus*.

Brut. You'l'e have an empty Parliament then.

Aru. Here is no roome for fooles.

Bru. Then what mak'st thou here, or he, or he ? oh *Jupiter* ! if this command be kept strictly, we shall have empty Benches : get you home you that are here, for here wil be nothing to do this day : a generall concourse of wise men, t'was never seene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin*, if the generall rule have no exceptions, thou wilt have an empty Consistory.

Tul. Brutus you trouble us.

Bru. How powerfull am I you Roman deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire ? fooles exempted, and women admitted ! laugh *Democritus*, but have you nothing to say to Mad-men ?

Tar. Madmen have here no place.

Bru. Then out of doores with *Tarquin*, what's he that may sit in a calme valley, and will chuse to repose in a tempestuous mountaine, but a mad-man ? that may live in tranquillous pleasures, and will seek out a kingdomes-cares, but a madman ? who would seek innovation in a Common-wealth in publike,

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or be over-rul'd by a curst wife in private, but a fool or a mad-man? give me thy hand *Tarquin*, shall we two be dismiss together from the Capitoll?

Tar. Restraine his follie.

Tul. Drive the frantique hence.

Arn. Nay *Brutus*.

Sext. Good *Brutus*.

Bru. Nay soft, soft good blood of the *Tarquins*, lets have a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant, I claime the priviledge of the Nobility of *Rome*, and by that priviledge my seat in the Capitoll. I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitoll as *Horatius*, thine, or thine *Lucretius*, thine *Sextus*, *Aruns* thine, or any here: I am a Lord and you banish all the Lord fooles from the presence, youle have few to wait vpon the King, but Gentlemen: nay, I am easily perswaded then, hands off, since you will not have my company, you shall have my roome.

My roome indeed, for what I seeme to be,

Brutus is not, but borne great *Rome* to free.

The state is full of dropsie, and swollen big

With windie vapors, which my sword must pierce,

To purge th'infected blood, bred by the pride

Of these infested bloods: nay now I goe,

Behold I vanish since tis *Tarquins* minde,

One small foole goes, but great fooles leaves behinde. *Exit*

Lucre. Tis pittie one so generously deriv'd,

Should be depriv'd his best induements thus,

And want the true directions of the Soule.

Tar. To leave these delatorie trifles, Lords

Now to the publique businesse of the Land.

Lords take your severall places.

Luc. Not great *Tarquin* before the King assume his regall
Whose comming we attend. (throne.)

Tulli. Hee's come already.

Luc. The King?

Tar. The King.

Col. Servius?

Tar. Tarquinius.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Lucre. Servius is King.

Tar. He was by power divine,
The Throne that long since he usurpt is mine.
Heere we enthrone our selves, Cashedrall state
Long since detain'd us. justly we resume,
Then let our friends and such as love us crie,
Live *Tarquin* and enjoy this Soveraignty.

Omnes. Live *Tarquin* and injoy this Soveraignty. *Florish.*

Enter Valerius.

Vale. The King himseife with such confederate Peeres.
As stoutly embrace his faction, being inform'd
Of *Tarquins* Vsurpation, armed comes,
Neere to the entrance of the Capitoll.

Targ. No man give place, he that dares to arise
And doe him reverence, we his love despise.

Enter Servius, Horatius, Scevola, Souldiers.

Ser. Traytor.

Tar. Vsurper.

Ser. Descend.

Tullia. Sit still.

Ser. In *Servius* name, *Romes* great imperiall Monarch,
I charge thee *Tarquin* disenthroned thy selfe,
And throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy.

Hor. Spoke like a King.

Tar. In *Tarquins* name, now *Romes* imperiall Monarch,
We charge thee *Servius* make free resignation,
Of that archt-wreath thou hast usurpt so long.

Tul. Words worth an Empire.

Hor. Shall this be brookt my Soveraigne :
Dismount the Traitor.

Sex. Touch him he that dares.

Hor. Dares !

Tul. Dares.

Ser. Strumpet, no childe of mine.

Tul. Dotard, and not my father.

Ser. Kneele to thy King ?

Tul. Submit thou to thy queene.

Ser.

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Ser. Insufferable treason with bright Steele,
Lop down these interponents that withstand.
The passage to our throne.

Hor. That *Cocles* dares.

Sex. We with our Steele guard *Tarquin* and his chaire,

See. A *Servius*.

Servius is slaine.

Arn. A *Tarquin*.

Tar. Now are we king indeede, our awe is builded
Vpon this Royall base, the slaughtered body
Of a dead King : we by his ruine rise
To a Monarchall Throne.

Tul. We have our longing.

My fathers death gives me a second life
Much better then the first, my birth was servile,
But this new breath of raigne is large and free,
Welcome my second life of Sovereignty.

Luc. I have a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,
Subject to beter temperature, should my *Lucrece*
Be of this pride, these hands should sacrifice
Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell below,
The abortiue brat should not out-live my spleene,
But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my queene.

Tul. Teare off the Crowne, that yet empales the temples
Of our usurping Father : quickly Lords,
And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,
Let us receive our honours.

Tar. The same breath
Gives our state life, that was the Vsurpers death.

Tul. Here then by heavens hand wee invest our selves :
Musique, whose lofliest tones grace Princes crown'd,
Vnto our novel Coronation sound.

Florisb.

Enter Valerius with Horatius and Scevola.

Tarq. Whom doth *Valerius* to our state present ?

Val. Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,
This Gentleman calld *Mutius Scevola*.
Who whilst King *Servius* wore the Diadem,

The Rape of Lucrece.

Enter Sextus and Aruns.

Arn. Soft, heeres *Brutus*, let us acquaint him with the newes.

Sex. Content : now Consen *Brutus*.

Bru. Who, I your kinsman ? though I be of the blood of the *Tarquins* yet no consen gentle Prince.

Arn. And why so *Brutus*, Scorne you our aliance ?

Bru. No, I was consen to the *Tarquins*, when they were subjects, but dare claime no kindred as they are soveraignes : *Brutus* is not so mad though he be merry, but he hath wit enough to keepe his head on his shoulders.

Arn. Why doe you Lord thus loose your houres, and neither professe warre nor domestick profit ? the first might beget you love, the other riches.

Bru. Because I would live, have I not answered you, because I would live ? fooles and mad men are no rubs in the way of Vsurpers, the firmament can brooke but one Sunne, and for my part I must not shine : I had rather live an obscure blacke, then appeare a faire white to be shot at, the end of all is, I would live : had *Servius* beene a shrub, the wind had not shooke him, or a mad-man, hee not perisht : I covet no more wit nor imployment then as much as will keepe life and soule together, I would but live.

Arn. You are satyricall consen *Brutus*, but to the purpose: the king dreamt a strange and ominous dream last night, and to be resolv'd of the event, my brother *Sextus* and I must to the Oracle

Sex. And because we would be well accompanied, wee have got leave of the king that you *Brutus* shall associate us, for our purpose is to make a merry journey on't.

Bru. So youle carry me along with you to be your foole and make you merrie.

Sex. Not our foole, but---

Bru. To make you merry : I shall, nay, I would make you merrie or tickle you till you laugh : the Oracle ! ile go to be resolv'd of some doubts private to my selfe : nay Princes, I

The Rape of Lucrece.

am so much indeed both to your loves and companies, that you shall not have the power to be rid of me, what limits have we for our journey?

Sext. Five dayes, no more.

Brut. I shall fit me to your preparations, but one thing more, goes *Collatine* along?

Sext. *Collatine* is troubled with the common disease of all new married men, he's sicke of the wife, his excuse is forsooth that *Lucrece* will not let him goe, but you having neither wife nor wit to hold you I hope will not disappoint us

Brut. Had I both, yet should you, pre vaile with me above either,

Arut. We shall expect you.

Brut. *Horatius Cocles*, and *Mutius Scevola* are not engag'd in this expedition?

Arut. No, they attend the King farewell.

Brut. *Lucretius* stayes at home too and *Valerius*?

Sext. The Palace cannot spare them.

Brut. None but we three?

Sext. We three.

Brut. We three, well five dayes hence.

Sext. You have the time, farewell.

Exeunt, Sextus and Arutus.

Brut. The time I hope cannot be Circumscribde.
Within so short a limit, *Rome* and I
Are not so happy; what's the reason then,
Heaven spares his rod so long? *Mercurie* tell me!
I hav't, the fruit of pride is yet but greene,
Not mellow, though it growes apace, it comes not
To his full height: *Love* oft delays his vengeance,
That when it haps t'may proove more terrible.
Dispaire not *Brutus* then, but let thy countroy
And thee take this last comfort after all,
Pride when thy fruit is ripe t'must rot, and fall.
But to the Oracle.

Enter

Or whether in applause of these new Edicts,
Which so distaste the people, or what cause
I know not, but now hee's all musicall.
Vnto the Counsell chamber he goes singing,
And whil'st the King his willfull Edicts makes,
In which nones tongue is powerfull save the Kings,
Hee's in a corner relishing strange aires.
Conclusively hee's from a toward hopefull Gentleman,
Transeshapt to a meere Ballater, none knowing
Whence should proceed this transmutation. *Enter Valerius*
Hor. See where he comes. *Morrow Valerius.*
Lucre. Morrow my Lord.

Song.

Val. *When Tarquin first in Court began,
And was approved King:
Some men for sudden joy gan weep,
But I for sorrow sing.*

Sce. Ha, ha, how long has my *Valerius*
Put on this straine of mirth, or what's the cause?

Song

Val. *Let humor change and spare not,
Since Tarquin's proud, I care not,
His faire words so bewuch my delight,
That I doted on his sight.
Now he is chang'd, cruell thoughts embracing
And my deserts disgracing.*

Hor. Vpon my life he's either mad or love-sicke,
Oh can *Valerius*, but so late a States-man,
Of whom the publike weale deserv'd so well,
Tune out his age in Songs and Cansoners.
Whose voice should thunder counsell in the eares
Of *Tarquin* and proud *Tullia*? think *Valerius*
What that proud woman *Tullia* is, twill put thee
Quite out of Tune.

Song.

Val. *Now what is love I will thee tell,
It is the fountain and the well,*

Where

The Rape of Lucrece.

*Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps the sanſing bell,
That rings all in to heaven or hell.
And this is love, and this is love, as I heere tell.*

*Now what is love I will you ſhow,
A thing that creeps and cannot goe:
A prize that paſſeth too and fro
A thing for me, a thing for mee,
And he that proves ſhall finde it ſo,
And this is love, and this is love, ſweet friend I tro.*

Lucre. Valerius I ſhall quickly change thy cheere,
And make thy paſſionate eyes lament with mine,
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinsman King
Was butchered in the Marble Capitoll.
Shall *Servius Tullius* unregarded die
Alone of thee, whome all the Romane Ladies,
Even yet with teare ſwollen eyes, and ſorrowfull ſoules,
Compaſſionate as well he merited;
To theſe lamenting dames what canſt thou ſing?
whoſe grieve through all the Romane Temples ring.

Song.

*Va. Lament Ladies lament,
Lament the Roman land,
The King is fra thee hent.
Was doughtie on his hand,
Weele gang into the Kirk,
His dead corps weele embrace,
And when we ſe him dead,
We ay will cry alas. Fa la.*

Hora. This muſicke made me, I all mirth deſpiſe.

Luc. To heare him ſing drawes rivers from mine eyes.

Sceno. It pleaſeth me for ſince the court is harſh,
And ookes a ſkance on ſouldiers, lets be merry,
Court Ladies, ſing, drinke, dance, and every man
Get him a miſtris couch it in the Countrey,
And taſt the ſweetes of it, what thinks *Valerius*
Of *Sevolas* laſt counſell?

The Rape of Lucrece.

Song.

Va. *Why since we souldiers cannot prove,
And grieffe it is to us therfore,
Let every man get him a love,
To trim her well, and fight no more.*

*That we may taste of lovers blisse,
Be merry and blith, imbrace and kisse,
That Ladies may say, some more of this,
That Ladies may say, some more of this.*

*Since Court and Citie both grow prond,
And safety you delight to heare,
Wee in the Country will us shroud,
Where lives to please both eye and eare :
The Nightingale sings Ing, Ing, Ing,
The little Lambe leaps after his dung,
And the pretty milke-maids they looke so smug,
And the pretty milke-maids, &c.*

Come *Scevola* shall we goe and be idle?

Luc. Ile in to weepe.

Hora. But I my gall to grate.

Scevo. Ile laugh at time, till it will change our Fate.

Exeunt they.

Manet Collatine.

Colla. Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord *Scevola*,
Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy visage smile,
And so doe's thy soule weepe, *Valerius*,
Although thy habit sing, for these new humours
Are but put on for safety, and to arme them
Against the pride of *Tarquin*, from whose danger,
None great in love, in counsell, or opinion,
Can be kept safe : this makes me loose my houres
At home with *Lucrece*, and abandon court.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Fortune I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted me in
in finding my master, the Gods of good Rome keepe my
Lord and master out of all bad company.

Colla.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Colla. Sirra the newes with you.

Clow. Would you ha Court newes, Camps newes, City newes or Country newes, or would you know whats the newes at home?

Col. Let me know all the newes.

Clow. The newes at Court is; that a smale leg and a silk stocking is in the fashion for your Lord: And the water that God *Mercury* makes is in request with your Ladie. The hea-vines of the kings wine makes many a light head, and the em-tines of his dishes many full bellies, eating and drinking was never more in use: you shall finde the baddest legs in boots, and the worst faces in masks. They keepe their old stomackes still, the kings good Cooke had the most wrong: for that which was wont to be private only to him, is now usurpt a-mong all the other officers: for now every man in his place, to the prejudice of the master Cooke, makes bold to licke his

Col. The newes in the campe. (owne fingers.)

Clow. The greatest newes in the campe is, that there is no newes at all, for being no campe at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

Col. Then for the city,

Col. The Senators are rich, their wives faire, credit grows cheap, and traffick dear, for you have many that are broke, the poorest man that is, may take vp what he will, so he will be but bound (to a post till he pay the debt) There was one cour-tier lay with twelve mens wives in the suburbs, and pressing farther to make one more cuckold within the walles, and be-ing taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himselfe, but this, he that made twelve made thirteene.

Col. Now fir for the countrey.

Clow. There is no newes there but at the Ale-house, ther's the most receit, and it is not strange my Lord, that so many men love ale that know not what ale is.

Col. Why, what is ale?

Clow. Why, ale is a kind of juice made of the precious grain called Malt, and what is malt? Malt's M, A, L, T, and what is M, A, L, T, M much, A ale, L little, T thrift, that is, much ale, little thrift.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Cola. Only the newes at home and I have done.

Clow. My Lady must needes speake with you about earnest businesse, that concernes her neerely, and I was sent in all haste to entreat your Lordship to come away.

Col. And couldest thou not have told me? *Lucrece* stay, And I stand trifling here? follow, away.

Clow. I marry fir, the way into her were a way worth following, and that's the reason that so many Serving-man that are familiar with their Mistresses, have lost the name of Servitors, and are now call'd their masters Followers. Rest you merry.

Sound Musicke.

Apollo's Priests with Tapers, after them, Aruns, Sextus and Brutus with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.

Priest. O thou Delphian god inspire
Thy Priests, and with celestially fire
Shot from thy beames crowne our desire,
that we may follow,
In these thy true and hallowed measures,
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures,
According to the thoughts and pleasures
Of great *Apollo*.

Our hearts with inflammations burne,
Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne,
Till from thy Temple we returne.

With some glad tyding.

Then tell us, Shall great *Rome* be blest,
And royall *Tarquin* live in rest,
That gives his enobled brest

To thy safe guiding?

Oracle. Then *Rome* her ancient honours wins,
When she is purg'd from *Tullia's* sins.

Brut. Gramercies *Phæbus* for these spels,
Phæbus alone, alone excells.

Sext. *Tullia* perhaps sinn'd in our grandsires death,
And hath not yet by reconciliation made
Atone with *Phæbus*, at whose shrine we kneele :

Yet

Yet gentle Priest let us thus farre prevaile,
To know if *Tarquins* seed shall governe *Rome*,
And by succession claime the royall wreath?
Behold me younger of the *Tarquins* race :
This elder *Aruns*, both the sonnes of *Tullia*,
This *Iunius Brutus*, though a mad-man, yet
Of the high blood of the *Tarquins*.

Priest. *Sextus* peace : Tell us, O thou that shin'st so bright,
From whom the world receives his light,
Whose absence is perpetuall night,

Whose praises ring :
Is it with heavens applause decreed,
When *Tarquins* soule from earth is freed,
That noble *Sextus* shall succeed

In *Rome* as King ?

Brut. I Oracle, hast thou lost thy tongue ?

Aru. Tempt him againe faire Priest.

Sext. If not as King, let Delphian *Phæbus* yet
Thus much resolve us, Who shall governe *Rome*,
Or of us three beare greatest preheminance ?

Priest. *Sextus* I will, yet sacred *Phæbus* we entreat,
Which of these three shall be great
With largest power and state replete

By the heavens doome ?

Phæbus thy thoughts no longer smother.

Oracle. He that fitt shall kisse his mother
Shall be powerfull, and no other

Of you three in *Rome*.

Sext. Shall kisse his mother !

Brutus falls.

Brut. Mother Earth, to thee an humble kisse I tender.

Aru. What means *Brutus* ?

Brut. The blood of the slaughter'd sacrifice made this floore
as slippery as the place where *Tarquin* treads, tis glassie and
as smoothe as ice : I was proud to heare the Oracle so gracious
to the blood of the *Tarquins*, and so I fell.

Sext. Nothing but so, then to the Oracle.
I charge thee *Aruns*, *Iunius Brutus* thee,
To keep the sacred doome of the Oracle

From all our traine, lest when the younger lad
Our brother now at home, sits dandled
Vpon faire *Tullias* lap, this understanding
May kisse our beauteous mother, and succeed.

Ar. Let the charge goe round,
It shall goe hard but ile prevent you *Sextus*.

Sex. I feare not the mad man *Brutus*, and for *Aruns* let me
alone to buckle with him, Il' ebe the first at my mothers lips
for a kingdome.

Br. If the mad man have not bin before you *Sextus*, if O-
racles be Oracles, their phrases are mysticall, they speak still in
clouds: had he meant a naturall mother he would not ha spoke
it by circumstance.

Sex. *Tullia*, if ever thy lips were pleasing to me, let it be
at my retorne from the Oracle.

Ar. If a kisse will make me a King, *Tullia* I will spring
to thee though through the blood of *Sextus*.

Br. Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept
me as thy Son, and I shall shine as bright in *Rome* as *Apollo*
himselfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

Sext. Our Superstitions ended, sacred Priest,
Since we have had free answer from the Gods,
To whose faire altars we have done due right,
And hollowed them with presents acceptable,
Lets now retorne, treading these holy measures,
With which we entred great *Apollo's* Temple.
Now *Phæbus* let thy sweet tun'd organes sound,
Whose sphere like musicke must direct our feet
Vpon the marble pavement: after this
Weele gaine a kingdome by a mothers kisse.

Exeunt.

S E N A T E.

A table and chaires prepared, *Tarquin*, *Tullias* and *Collatine*,
Sceetola, *Horatius*, *Lucretius*, *Valerius*, Lords.

Tarquin. Attend us with your persons, but your cares
Be deate unto our counsells.

The Lords fall off on either

Tul. Farther yet.

side and attend.

Tarq.

Tarq. Now *Tullia* what must be concluded next?

Tullia. The kingdome you have got by pollicy
You must maintaine by pride.

Tarquin. Good.

Tullia. Those that were late of the Kings faction
cut off for feare they prove rebellious.

Tarq. Better.

Tullia Since you gaine nothing by the popular love,
Maintaine by feare your Princedome.

Tar. Excellent, thou art our Oracle and save from thee
We will admit no counsell, we obtaind
Our state by cunning, it must be kept by strength.
And such as cannot love, wee teach to feare,
To encourage which up on our better judgement,
And to strike greater terrour to the world,
I have forbid thy fathers funerall.

Tul. No matter.

Tar. All capitall causes are by us discust,
Traverst, and executed without counsell,
We challenge too by our prerogative,
The goods of such as strive against our state,
The freest Citizens without attaint,
Arraigne, or judgement, we to exile doome,
The poorer are our drudges, rich our prey,
And such as dare not strive our rule obey.

Tul. Kings are as Gods, and divine Scepters beare,
The Gods command for mortall tribute, feare.
But Royall Lord, we that despise their love,
Must seeke some meanes how to mayntaine this awe.

Tar. By forraigne leagues, and by our strength abroad.
Shall we that are degreed above our people,
Whom heaven hath made our vassal, raigne with them?
No, Kings above the rest tribunall'd his,
Should with no meener then with Kings allie:
For this we to *Mamilius Tusculan*
The Latin King ha given in marriage
Our Royall daughter: Now his people's ours,
The neighbour Princes are subd'd by armes:

And whom we could not conquer by constraint,
Them we have fought to win by curtesie,
Kings that are proud, yet would secure their owne,
By love abroad, shall purchase feare at home.

Tul. We are secure, and yet our greatest strength
Is in our children, how dare treason looke
Vs in the face having issue? barren Princes
Breed danger in their singularity,
Having none to succeed, their claime dies in them.

Tar. *Tullia's* wife, and apprehensive, were our Princely sons
Sextus and *Aruns* backe returned safe,
With an applausive answer of the Gods
From th' Oracle, our state were able then
Being Gods our selves, to scorne the hate of men.

Enter Sextus, Aruns, and Brutus.

Sex. Where's *Tullia*?

Arn. Where's our Mother?

Hor. Yonder Princes, at Councel with the King.

Tul. Our sonnes return'd.

Sex. Royall Mother.

Arn. Renowned Queen.

Sex. I love her best, therefore will *Sextus* do his duty first.

Arn. Being eldest in my birth, ile not be yongest
In zeale to *Tullia*.

Brut. Too't Lads.

Aruns. Mother a kisse.

Sex. Though last in birth let me be first in love.
A kisse faire mother.

Arn. Shall I loose my right?

Sext. *Aruns* shall downe, were *Aruns* twice my Brother,
If he perfume fore me to kisse my mother.

Arn. I *Sextus*, think this kisse to be a Crowne, thus would

Sex. *Aruns* thou must downe. (we tug for't.)

Tarq. Restraine them Lords.

Brut. Nay too't boyes, O tis brave, they tug for shadowes,
I the substance have.

Arn. Through armed gates, and thousand swords ile break

The Rape of Lucrece.

To shew my duty, let my valour speake.

Breakes from the Lords and kisses her.

Sex. Oh heavens ! you have disolv'd me.

Ar. Here I stand, what I ha done to answer with this hand.

Sex. Oh all ye Delphian Gods looke downie and see
How for these wrongs I will revenged be.

Tar. Curbe in the prowd boyes fury, let us know
From whence this discord riseth.

Tullia. From our love, how happy are we in our issue now
When as our sons, even with their blouds contend
To exceed in dutie, we accept your zeale.

This your superlative degree of kindnesse
So much prevailes with us, that to the King
We engage our owne deere love twixt his incensment
And your presumption, you are pardoned both.
And *Sextus* though you faild in your first proffer,

We do not yet esteeme you least in love, ascend and touch

Sext. Thanke you, no. (our lips.)

Tullia. Then to thy knee we will descend thus low.

Sex. Nay now it shall not need : how great's my heart !

Ar. In *Tarquins* Crowne thou now hast lost thy part.

Sex. No kissing now, *Tarquin*, great Queene adiew.

Ar. on earth we ha no foe but you.

Tarq. What meanes this their unnaturall enmitie ?

Tullia. Hate, borne from love.

Tar. Resolve us then, how did the Gods accept
Our sacrifice, how are they pleas'd with us ?
How long will they applaud our soverainty ?

Bru. Shall I tell the King.

Tar. Doe Cousen, with the proresse of your journey.

Bru. I will. We went from hither, when we went from
hence, arrived thither when we landed there, made an end
of our prayers when we had done our Orisones, when thus
quoth *Phæbus*, *Tarquin* shall be happy whilst he is blest,
governe while he raignes, wake when he sleepe not, sleepe
when he wakes not, quaffe when he drinks, feede when he
eates, gape when his mouth opens, live till he die, and die

The Rape of Lucrece.

when he can live no longer. So *Phæbus* commends him to you.

Tar. Mad *Brutus* still, Son *Aruns*, What say you?

Aru. That the great Gods to whom the potent King
Of this large Empire sacrific'd by us,
Applaud your raigne, commend your sovereignty:
And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,
Long dayes faire hopes Majestique government.

Bru. Adding withall, that to depose the late King which in others, had been arch-treason, in *Tarquin* was honor: what in *Brutus* had been usurpation, in *Tarquin* was lawfull succession: and for *Tullia*, though it be paracide for a childe to kill her father, in *Tullia* it was charity by death, to rid him of all his calamities, *Phæbus* himselfe said she was a good childe, and shall not I say as he sayes, to tread upon her fathers skull, sparkle his braines upon her Chariot wheele, And weare the sacred tincture of his blood Vpon her servile shoe? but more then this, After his death deny him the due claime Of all mortality, a funerall, An earthen sepulchre, this, this, quoth the Oracle, Save *Tullia* none would do.

Tul. *Brutus* no more, least with the eyes of wrath and fury (incens'd)
We looke into thy honour: were not madnes
And folly to thy words a priviledge,
Even in thy last reproofe of our proceedings
Thou hast pronounc't thy death.

Bru. If *Tullia* will send *Brutus* abroad for newes, and after at his returne not endure the telling of it: let *Tullia* either get closer eares, or get for *Brutus* a stricter tongue.

Tullia. How sir?

Bru. God bo'ye.

Tarq. Alas tis madnes (pardon) not spleene,
Nor is it hate, but frenzie, we are pleas'd
To heare the Gods propitious to our prayers.
But whither's *Sextus* gone? resolve us *Cocles*.
We saw thee in his parting follow him.

Hora. I heard him say, he would straight take his horse

And

The Rape of Lucrece.

And to the werlike Gabines enemies to *Rome*, and you.

Tar. Save them we have no opposites.

Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?

Attend us Lords, we must new battle wage,

And with bright armes confront the proud boyes rage.

Exeunt.

Manet, Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scevola.

Hor. Had I as many soules as drops of blood
In these brancht vaines, as many lives as starres
Stucke in yond' azure Rose, and were to die
More deaths then I have wasted weary minutes,
To grow to this, ide hazard all and more,
To purchase freedome to thus bondag'd *Rome*. (sight.
I'm vext to see this virgin conquereffe weare shackles in my

Luc. Oh would my teares would rid great *Rome* of these
prodigious feares.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, weeping ripe *Lucretius*? possible? now Lords,
Lads, friends, fellows, yong madcaps, gallants, and old court-
ly ruffians, all subjects under one tyranny, and therefore should
be partners of one and the same unanimity. Shall we goe sin-
gle our selves by two and two, and go talk treason? then tis but
his yea, and my nay, if we be cald to question: Or shals goe
use some violent bustling to breake through this thorny ter-
ritude, or shal we every man go sit-like, O man in desperation,
and with *Lucretius* weepe at *Romes* misery: now am I for all
things any thing or nothing, I can laugh with *Scevola*, weepe
with this good old man, sing *oh bone bone* with *Valerius*, fret
with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my selfe, or neutriz with
Collatine. Say what shal's doe?

Hora. Fret.

Val. Sing.

Luc. Weepe.

Scevo. Laugh.

Bru. Rather lets all be mad that *Tarquin* he still raigeth,
Rom's still sad.

Col. You are madmen all that yeild so much to passion.

The Rape of Lucrece.

You lay your selves too open to your enemies,
That would be glad to pricke into your deedes,
And catch advantage to ensnare our lives.
The kings feare, like a shadow, dogs you still,
Nor can you walke without it : I commend
Valerius most, and noble *Scevola*,
That what they cannot mend, seeme not to mind,
By my consent lets all weare out our houres
In harmeles sports : hauke, hunt, game, sing, drinke, dance,
So shall we seeme offencelesse and live safe.
In dangers bloody jawes where being humerous,
Cloudy and curiously inquisitive
Into the Kings proceedings, there arm'd feare
May search into us, call our deeds to question,
And so prevent all future expectation :
Of wisht amendment let us stay the time,
Till heaven have made them ripe for just revenge,
When opportunitie is offered us,
And then strike home, till then doe what you please :
No discontented thought my mind shall seaze.

Bru. I am of *Collatines* mind now *Valerius* sing us a bawdy
song, and mak's merry : nay it shall be so.

Valer. *Brutus* shall pardon me.

Scev. The time that should have beene seriously spent in
the State-house, I ha learnt securely to spend in a wenching
house, and now I professe my selfe any thing but a Statesman.

Hor. The more thy vanity.

Luc. The lesse thy honour.

Valer. The more his safety, and the lesse his feare.

The first new Song.

*She that denies me, I would have,
Who craves me, I despise.*

*Venus bath power to rule mine heart,
But not to please mine eyes.*

Temptations offered, I still scorne.

Deuy'd ; I cling them still.

*Ile neither glut mine appetite,
Nor seek to starve my will.*

The Rape of Lucrece.

Diana, double cloath'd, offends;

So Venus, naked quite.

The last begets a surfet, and

The other no delight.

That crafty Girl shall please me best

That No, for Yea, can say,

And every wanton willing kisse

Can season with a Nay.

Brut. We ha beene mad Lords long, now lets us be merry
Lords, *Horatius* maugre thy melancholly, and *Lucretius* in
spight of thy sorrow, Ile have a song a subject for the ditty.

Hor. Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tullia's* cruelty.

Bru. Dangerous, no.

Luc. The tyrannies of the Court, and vassalage of the City.

Sce. Neither, shall I give the subject?

Bru. Doe, and let it be of all the pretty wenches in *Rome*.

Sce. It shall, shall it, shall it *Valerius*?

Val. Any thing according to my poore acquaintance and
little converfance.

Bru. Nay you shall stay *Horatius*, *Lucretius* so shall you,
he removes himselfe from the love of *Brutus*, that shrinks
my side till we have had a song of all the pretty suburbians:
sit round, when *Valerius*?

Song.

Val. Shall I woe the lovely Molly,

She's so faire, so fat so jolly,

But she has a tricke of folly,

Therefore Ile ha none of Molly. No no no, no no, no.

Ile ha none of Molly, no no no.

Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,

They are red and soft as jelly,

But too well she loves her belly.

Therefore ile have none of Nelly. No, no, no, &c.

What say you to Bonny Betty,

Ha you seene a lasse so pretty?

But her body is so sweatty,

Therefore ile ha none of Betty. No, no, no, no, no,

When I dally with my Dolly,

She

The Rape of Lucrece.

She is full of melancholly,
Oh that wench is pestilent holly,
Therefore ile have none of Dolly, No, no, no, &c.
I could fancy lovely Nanny,
But she has the loves of many,
Yet her selfe she lozes not any.
Therefore ile have none of Nanny, no, no, &c.
In a flax shop I spide Ratchell,
Where she her flax and tow did hatchell,
But her cheekes hang like a satchell,
Therefore ile have none of Ratchell, No, no, &c.
In a corner I met Biddy,
Her heeles were light her head was giddy,
She fell downe and somewat did I,
Therefore ile have none of Biddy, No, no, &c.

Brut. The rest weel here within, what offence is there in this *Lucretius*? what hurt's in this *Horatius*? is it not better to sing with our heads on, then to bleed with our heads off? I nere took *Collatine* for a Politician till now, come *Valerius*, weel run over all the wenches of *Rome*, from the community of lascivious *Flora* to the chastity of divine *Lucrece*, come good *Horatius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucrece, Maide, and Clowne.

Luc. A Chaire.

Clo. A chaire for my Lady, Mistris *Mirable* do you not here my Lady call.

Luc. Come neere sir, be lesse officious
In duty, and use more attention,
Nay Gentlewoman we exempt not you
From our discourse, you must afford an eare
As well as he, to what we ha to say.

Maid. It ill remaine your hand-maide.

Luc. Sirrah I ha seene you oft familiar
With this my maide and waiting Gentlewoman,
As casting amorous glances, wanton looks,
And privy becks favouring i continence,
I let you know you are not for my service

The Rape of Lucrece.

Vnlesse you grow more civill.

Clow. Indeed Madam for my owne part I wish Mistris *Mirable* well, as one fellow servant ought to wish to another, but to say as that ever I flung any sheeps eyes in her face how say you mistris *Mirable* did I ever offer it?

Luc. Nay Mistris, I ha seene you answere him With gracious lookes, and some uncivill smiles; Retorting eyes. and giving his demenure Such welcome as becomes not modesty, Know hence-forth there shall no lascivious phraze, Suspicious looke, or shadow of incontinence, Be entertain'd by any that attend, on Roman *Lucrece*.

Maide. Madam, I!

Luc. Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought Speakes nothing out of rashnesse, nor vaine heare say. But what my owne experience testifies Against you both, let then this milde reproofe, Forewarne you of the like : my reputation Which is held precious in the eies of *Rome*, Shall be no shelter to the least intent Of loosensse, leave all familiaritie, And quite renounce acquaintance, or I here, discharge you both my service.

Clow. For my owne part Madam, as I am a true Roman by nature, though no Roman by my nose, I never spent the least lip labour on mistris *Mirable*, never so much as glanc'd, never us'd any wincking or pinking, never nodded at her, no not so much as when I was asleepe, never askt her the question so much as whats her name : if you bring any man, woman, or childe, that can say so much behinde my backe, as for he did but kisse her, for I did but kisse her and so let her go : let my Lord *Collatine* instead of plucking my coate, plucke my skin over my eares and turne me away naked, that where-soever I shall come I may be held a raw Servingman hereafter.

Luc. Sirrah, you know our mind.

Clo. If ever I knew what belongs to these cases, or yet know what they meane, if ever I us'd any plaine dealing, or were ever worth such a jewell, would I might die like a begger : if

ever I were so far read in my Grammer, as to know what an Interjection is, or a conjunction Copulative, would I might never have good of my *qui quæ quod*: why, do you thinke Madam I have no more care of my selfe being but a stripling, then to goe to it at these yeares? flesh and blood cannot endure it, I shall euen spoile one of the best faces in *Rome* with crying at your unkindnesse.

Luc. I ha done, see if you can spie your Lord returning from the Court, and give me notice what strangers he brings home with him.

Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius Scevola.

Clow. Yes ile go, but see kind man he saves me a labour.

Hor. Come *Valerius* let's sheare in our way to the house of *Collatine*, that you went late hammering of concerning the Taverns in *Rome*.

Val. Only this *Horatius*.

Song.

The Gentry to the Kingshead,
 The Noble to the Crowne.
 The Knights unto the goulden Fleece,
 And to the plough the Clowne.
 The Church-man to the Miter.
 The Shep-heard to the Starre.
 The Gardiner, hies him to Rose,
 To the Drum the man of warre;
 To the Feathers Ladies you; the Globe
 The Sea-man doth not scorne
 The Vsurer to the Deuill, and
 The Townesman to the Horne.
 The Huntsman to the white Hart,
 To the Ship the Marchant goes,
 But you that doe the Muses love
 The Swanne, calde River Poe.
 The Banquerout to the worlds end,
 The Foole to the Fortune hie.
 Vnto the Mouth, the Oyster wife,
 The Fidler to the Pie,
 The Punck unto the Cockeatrice.

The Rape of Lucrece.

*The Drunkard to the Vine,
The Beggar to the Bush, then meete
And with Duke Humphrey Dine.*

Col. Faire Lucrece, I ha brought these Lords from Court
to feast with thee, firrah prepare us dinner.

Luc. My Lord is welcome, so are all his friends, the newes
at Court Lords.

Hor. Madam strange newes : Prince *Sextus* by the enemies
of *Rome*.

Was nobly us'de, and made their Generall,
Twice hath he met his father in the field,
And foild him by the Warlike *Gabines* aid :
But how hath he rewarded that brave Nation,
That in his great disgrace supported him ?
He tell you Madam, he since the last battell
Sent to his Father a close messenger
To be receiv'd to grace, withall demanding
What he should doe with those his enemies ?
Great *Tarquin* from his Sonne receives this newes,
Being walking in his Garden : when the messenger
Importunde him for answere, the proud King
Lops with his wand the heads of Poppies off,
And sayes no more ; with this uncertaine answer
The messenger to *Sextus* backe returnes,
Who questions of his Fathers words, lookes, gesture ?
He tels him that the haughtie speechles King
Straight apprehend, cuts off the great mens heads,
And having left the *Gabines* without governe,
Flies to his father, and this day is welcom'd
For this his traiterous service by the King,
With all due solemne honours to the Court.

Scero. Curtesie strangely requited, this none but the son
of *Tarquin* would have enterprisde.

Val. I like it. I applaud it, this will come to somewhat in
the end, when heaven has cast up his account, some of them
will be calde to a hard reckoning. For my part, I dreamt last
night I went a fishing.

The Rape of Lucrece.

The second new Song.

Though the weather jangles
With our hookes, and our angles,
Our nets be shaken, and no fish taken :
Though fresh Cod and Whiting,
Are not this day biting,
Gurnet, nor Conger, to satisfie hunger,
Yet looke to our draught.

Hale the maine bowling,
The seas have left their rowling,
The waves their huffing, the winds their puffing,
Vp to the Top-mast Boy,
And bring us news of joy,
Heres no demurring, no fish is stirring.
Yet some thing we have caught.

Col. Leave all to heaven.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. My Lords, the best plumporedge in all Rome cooles for your honours, dinner is piping hot upon the table : and if you make not the more haste, you are like to have but cold cheare : the Cooke hath done his part, and there's not a dish on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you, if you have good stomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot, you'l'e make hunger and cold meete together.

Col. My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you,
And his conceit is fluent : Enter Lords,
You must be *Lucrece* guests, and she is scant
In nothing, for such Princes must not want.

Exeunt.

Manet Valerius and Clowne.

Clow. My Lord *Valerius*, I have even a suit to your honor, I ha not the power to part from you, without a rellish, a note, a tone, we must get an Aire betwixt us,

Val. Thy meaning.

Clow. Nothing but this,

John for the King has beene in many ballads,
John for the King downe dino,
John for King, has eaten many sallads,
John for the King sings hey ho.

Vale.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Val. Thou wouldst have a song, wouldst thou not?

Clow. And be everlastingly bound to your honour, I am now forsaking the world and the Devill, and somewhat leaning towards the flesh, if you could but teach me how to choose a wench fit for my stature and complexion, I should rest yours in all good offices.

Val. He doeth that for thee, what's thy name?

Clow. My name sir is *Pompie*.

Val. Well then attend.

He sings.

Song.

*Pompie I will shew thee, the way to know
A daintie dapper wench.
First see her all bare, let her skin be rare
And be toucht with no part of the French:
Let her lookes be cleare, and her browes severe,
Her eye-browes thin and fine:
But if she be a punck, and love to be drunke,
Then keepe her still from the wine.
Let her stature be meane, and her body cleane,
Thou canst not choose but like her:
But see she ha good clothes, with a faire Roman nose,
For that's the signe of a striker.
Let her legs be small, but not usd to sprall,
Her tongue not too lowd nor cocket.
Let her arms be strong, and her fingers long,
But not us'd to dive in pocket.
Let her body be long, and her backe be strong,
With a soft lip that entangles,
With an ivory brest, and her haire well drest,
Without gold lace or spangles.
Let her foote be small, cleane leg'd withall,
Her apparell not too gaudy:
And one that hath not bin in any house of sinne,
Nor place that hath been bandy.*

Clow. But Gods me, am I trifling here with you, and dinner cooles a'the table, and I am call'd to my attendance, oh my sweet Lord *Valerius*!

Exeunt.

The Rape of Lucrece.

SENNATE.

Enter Tarquin, Porfenna, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns.

Targ. Next King *Porfenna*, whom we tender deerly,
Welcome young *Sextus*, thou hast to our yoake,
Supprest the necke of a proud nation
The warlike *Gabins*, enemies to *Rome*.

Sex. It was my duty Royall Emperour,
The duty of a Subject and a Sonne.
We at our mothers intercession likewise, (bosome.
Are now aton'd with *Aruns* whom we here receive into our

Tul. This is done like a kinde brother and a naturall sonne.

Aru. We enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus*, and
graft us in your love.

Targ. Now King *Porfenna*, welcome once more, to *Tarquin* and to *Rome*.

Por. We are proud of your alliance, *Rome* is ours,
And we are *Romes*, this our religious league
Shall be carv'd firme in Characters of brasse,
And live for ever to succeeding times.

Tar. It shall *Porfenna*, now this league's establisht.
We will proceed in our determin'd wars,
To bring the neighbour Nations under us,
Our purpose is to make young *Sextus* Generall
Of all our army, who hath prov'd his fortunes
And found them full offavour : wee le begin
With strong *Ardea*, ha you given in charge (army ?
To assemble all our Captaines, and take muster of our strong

Aru. That businesse is dispatch't.

Sex. We ha likewise sent for all our best commanders to
take charge according to their merit : Lord *Valerius*,
Lord *Brutus*, *Cocles*, *Mutius Scevola*,
And *Collatine* to make due perparatiō for such a gallant siege.

Targ. This day you shall set forward, *Sextus* goe,
And lets us see your army march along.
Before this King and us, that we may view
The puissance of our host prepar'd already,
To lay high-reard *Ardea* waste and lowe.

Sex.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Sex. I shall my Liege.

Tul. *Aruns* associate him.

Arn. A rivall with my brother in his honours.

Exeunt Aruns and Sextus.

Tar. *Porfenna* shall behold the strength of *Rome*,
And body of the *Campe*, under the charge
Of two brave Princes, to lay hostile siege
Against the strongest Citie that withstands
The all-commanding *Tarquin*,

Porf. Tis an object to please *Porfennaes* eye.

Soft March.

Luc. The host is now upon their March.
You from this place may see
The pride of all the Roman Chivalry.

Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scevola, Cocles,
with souldiers, drum and colours, march over the stage, and con-
gee to the King and Queene.

Porf. This sight's more pleasing to *Porfennaes* eye,
Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feasts,
Or sumptuous revels: we are borne a Souldier,
And in our nonage suckt the milke of warre.
Should any strange fate lowre upon this army
Or that the mercilesse gulse of confusion
Should swallow them, we at our proper charge,
And from our native confines vow supply
Of men and armes to make these numbers full.

Tarq. You are our Royall brother, and in you,
Tarquin is powerfull and maintaines his awe.

Tullia. The like *Porfenna* may command of *Rome*,

Por. But we have (in your fresh varietics)
Feasted to much, and kept our selfe too long
From our owne seate, our prosperous returne
Hath bin expected by our Lords and Peeres.

Tarq. The businesse of our warres thus forwarded.
We ha best leasure for your entertainment,
Which now shall want no due solemnitie.

Por. It hath beene beyond both expectation
And merit, but in sight of heaven I swear,

The Rape of Lucrece.

If ever royall *Tarquin* shall demand
Use of our love, 'tis ready stor'd for you
Even in our Kingly breast.

Tar. The like we vow to King *Porfenna*, we will yet a little
Enlarge your royall welcome with Rarities,
Such as Rome yeilds : that done, before we part,
Of too remote Dominions make one heart.
Set forward then, our sonnes wage warre abroad,
To make us peace at home : we are of our selfe
Without supportance, we all fate desie,
Aidlesse, and of our selfe we stand thus hie.

Exeunt.

Two souldiers meet as in the watch.

1. Stand, who goes there ?

2. A friend.

1. Stirre not, for if thou dost ile broach thee straight
upon this pike. The word ?

2. *Sol. Porfenna.*

1. Passe, stay, who walkes the round to night,
The generall, or any of his Captaines ?

2. *Sol. Horatius* hath the charge, the other Chieftaines,
Rest in the Generalls tent, there's no commander
Of any note, but revell with the Prince :
And I amongst the rest am charg'd to attend
Vpon their Rouse.

1. *Sol.* Passe freely, I this night must stand,
Twixt them and danger, the time of night ?

2. *Sol.* The clocke last told eleven.

1. *Sol.* The powers celestiaall that have tooke Rome in
charge, protect it still.

Againe good night, thus must poore Souldiers do,
Whil' st their commanders are with dainties fed,
And sleepe on Downe, the earth must be our bed.

Exit.

A banquet prepared.

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius,
Scevola, Collatine.*

Sex. Sit round, the enemy is pounded fast

In

The Rape of Lucrece.

In their owne folds, the walles made to oppugne;
Hostile incurſions become a priſon,
To keepe them faſt for execution;
Ther's no eruption to be feared.

Bru. What ſhall's doe? Come a health to the generalls health; and *Valerius* that ſits the moſt civilly ſhall begin it, I cannot talke till my blood be mingled with this blood of grapes: Fill for *Valerius*, thou ſhouldſt drinke wel, for thou haſt beene in the German warres, if thou lov'ſt me drinke *up ſe freeza*.

Sex. Nay ſince *Brutus* haſpoken the word, the firſt health ſhall be impoſd on you *Valerius*, and if ever you have beene Germaniz'd, let it be after the Dutch faſhion

Vale. The generall may command.

Bru. He may, why elſe is he call'd the commander?

Sex. We will intreate *Valerius*.

Vale. Since you will needs inforce a high German health, looke well to your heads, for I come upon you with this Dutch Taſſaker: if you were of a more noble ſcience then you are, it will goe neere to breake your heads round.

A Dutch Song.

*O Mork giff men ein man,
Skerry merry vip,
O morke giff men ein man
Skerry merry vap,
O morke giff men ein man,
that tik die ten long o drievan ean,
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap
and skerry merry runke ede nink,
Ede hoore was a hai dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry runke ede bunk, ede hoore was drunk a.*

*O daughter ye is in alto kleene,
Skerry merry vip,
O daughter ye is ein alto kleene,
Skerry merry vap,*

The Rape of Lucrece.

O daughter ye is in al to kleene,
Ye molten slop, ein yert a leene
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap
And skerry merry runke ede bunk.
Ede hoore was a hey dedte downe
Deale drunke a:
Skerry merry, runke ede bunk ede hoore was drunke a.

Sex. Grammercies *Valerius*, came this hie-German health
as double as his double ruffe, i'de pledge it.

Brut. Where it Lubecks or double double beere, their owne
naturall liquor i'de pledge it were it as deep as his ruffe: let the
health goe round about the board, as his band goes round a-
bout his necke. I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchion,
then I should be of the heathenish invention.

Col. I must intreat you spare me for my braine brookes not
the fumes of wine, their vaporious strength offends me much.

Hor. I would have none spare me for Ile spare none, *Collatine*
will pledge no health yelisse it be to his *Lucrece*.

Sext. What's *Lucrece* but a woman, and what are women
But tortures and disturbance vnto men?

If they be fowle th'are odious, and if faire,
Th'are like rich vessels full of poysonous drugs,
Or like black serpents arm'd with golden scales:
For my own part they shall not trouble me.

Brutus. *Sextus* sit fast for I proclaime my selfe a womans
champion and shall unhorse thee else.

Vale. For my owne part I'me a married man, and Ile speake
to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus*.

Arn. I have a wife too, and I thinke the most vertuous
Lady in the world.

See. I cannot say but that I have a good wife too, and I
love her: but if she were in heaven, beshrew me if I would
with her so much hurt as to desire her companie upon earth
again, yet upon my honour, though she be not very faire,
she is exceeding honest.

Bru. Nay the lesse beauty, the lesse temptation to despoile
her honesty.

See.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Sec. I should be angry with him that should make question of her honour.

Brut. And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintaine her honour.

Arr. if you compare the vertues of your wives, let me step in for mine.

Colla. I should wrong my *Lucrece* not to stand for her.

Sex. Ha, ha, all captaines, and stand upon the honesty of your wives; if possible thinke you that women of young spirit and Full age, of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance, Reade, write, such as feede well and taste choice cates, That straight dissolve to puritie of blood, That keepe the veines full, and enflame the appetite Making the spirit able, strong, and prone, Can such as these their husbands being away Emploid in forreign sieges or else where, Deny such as importune them at home? Tell me that flaxe will not be toucht with fire, Nor they be won to what they most desire?

Brut. Shall I end this controversie in a word?

Sex. Doe good *Brutus*.

Brut. I hold some holy, but some apt to sinne,
Some tractable, but some that none can winne,
Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can move,
Some viciois of themselves are prone to love.
Some grapes are sweet and in the Garden grow.
Others unprun'd turne wilde neglected so.
The purest oare contains both Gold and drosse,
The one all gaine, the other nought but losse.
The one disgrace, reproch, and scandall taints,
The other angels and sweet featur'd Saints.

Col. Such is my vertuous, *Lucrece*.

Arr. Yet she for vertue not comparable to the wife of *Aruns*

Sec. And why may not mine be rankt with the most vertuous?

Hor. I would put in for a lot, but a thousand to one I shall draw but a blanke.

Vale. I should not shew I lov'd my wife, not to take her

The Rape of Lucrece.

Vale. Nor mine at this time of night a gamboling.

Hor. They weare so much Corke under their heeles they cannot choose but love to caper.

See. Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching, all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha lost, none can brag of their winnings.

Sex. Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* must be better imployd then the rest, or you content to have her vertues rankt with the rest.

Col. I am pleas'd.

Hor. Soft, soft let's steale upon her as upon the rest, least having some watch-word at our arrivall, we may give her notice to be better prepar'd: nay by your leave *Collatine*, wee'll limit you no advantage.

Col. See Lords, thus *Lucrece* revels with her maids, In stead of ryot, quaffing, and the practise of high lavoltoes to the ravishing sound of chambring musique, she like a good huswife is teaching of her servants fundrie chares, *Lucrece*?

Luc. My Lord and husband welcome, ten times welcome. Is it to see your *Lucrece* you thus late

Ha with your persons hazard left the Camp, (rour.
And trusted to the danger of a night so dark, and full of hor-

Arr. Lords all's lost.

Hor. By *Iove* ile buy my wife a wheele, and make her spin for this trike.

See. If I make not mine learne to live by the pricke of her needle for this I'm no Roman.

Col. Sweete wife salute these Lords, thy continence Hath won thy husband a Barbary horse and a rich coat of

Luc. O pardon me, the joy to see my Lord, (armes
Tooke from me all respect of their degrees,

The richest entertainment lives with us,
According to the houre and the provision
Of a poore wife in the absence of her husband,

We prostate to you, howsoever meane,
We thus excuse't, Lord *Collatine* away.

We neither feast, dance, quaffe, riot, nor play,

Sex. if one woman among so many bad, may be found
good,

good, If a white wench may prove a blacke swan, it is *Lucrece*, her beantie hath relation to her vertue, and her vertue correspondent to her beauty, and in both she is matchlesse.

Col. Lords will you yeild the wager?

Ar. Stay, the wager was as well which of our Wives was fairest too, it stretcht as well to their beantie as to their continence, who shall judge that?

Hor. That can none of us, because we are all parties, let Prince *Sextus* determine it who hath bin with us, and bin an eye witnesse of their beauties.

Vale. Agreed.

Sec. I am pleas'd with the censure of Prince *Sextus*.

Ar. So are we all.

Col. I commit my *Lucrece* holy to the dispose of *Sextus*.

Sex. And *Sextus* commits him holy to the dispose of *Lu-*
I love the Lady and her grace desire, (crece
Nor can my love wrong what my thoughts admire.

Aruns, no question but your wife is chaste,
And thrifty, but this Lady knowes no waste.

Valerius, yours is modest, something faire,
Her grace and beantie are without compare,
Thine *Mutius* well dispos'd, and of good feature,
But the world yeilds not so divine a creature.

Horatius, thine a smug lasse and grac't well,
But amongst all, faire *Lucrece* doth excell.
Then our impartiall heart and judging eyes,
This verdict gives, faire *Lucrece* wins the prize.

Col. Then Lords you are indebted to me a horse and armour.

Omnes. We yeild it.

Luc. Will you taste such welcome Lords, as a poore unprovided house can yeild?

Sex. Gramercie *Lucrece*, no, we must this night sleepe by
Ardea walles. (Lucrece

Lu. But my Lords, I hope my *Collatine* will not so leave his

Sex. He must, we have but idled from the Camp, to try a merry wager about their wives, & this the hazard of the kings displeasure, should any man be missing from his charge: the
powers

The Rape of Lucrece.

powers that governe Rome make divine Lucrece for ever happy, good night.

See. But *Valerius*, what thinkest thou of the country girles from whence we came, compar'd with our city wives whom we this night have try'd.

Val. *Scævola* thou shalt heare.

The third new Song.

O yes, roome for the Cryer,
Who never yet was found a lyer.

O ye fine smug country Lasses,
That would for Brookes change christall Glasses,
And be transhap'd from foot to crowne,
And Straw-beds change for beds of Downe;
Your Partletsturne into Rebatoes,
And stead of Carrets eate Potatoes;
Your Fronlets lay by, and your Rayles,
And fringe with gold your daggled Tails:
Now your Hawke-noses shall have Hoods
And Billements with golden Studs:
Strawe-hats shall be no more Bongraces
From the bright Sunne to hide your faces,
For hempen smockes to helpe the Itch,
Have linnen, sewed with silver stich;
And wheresoe're they chance to stride,
One bare before to be their guide.

O yes, roome for the Cryer,
who never yet was found a lyer.

Luc. Wil not my husband repose this night with me?

Hor. Lucrece shall pardon him, we ha tooke our leaves of our wives, nor shall *Collatine* be before us though our Ladies in other things come behind you.

Col. I must be swaid: the joys and the delights of many thousand nights meete all in one to make my Lucrece happy.

Luc. I am bound to your strict will, to each good-night.

Sex. To horse, to horse Lucrece we cannot rest,

Til

The Rape of Lucrece.

Till our hot lust imboosome in thy brest. *Exeunt, manet La.*

Luc. With no unkindnesse we should our Lords upbraid,
Husbands and Kings must alwayes be obaid.
Nothing save the high busines of the state,
And the charge given him at *Ardeas* siege,
Could ha made *Collatine* so much digresse,
From the affection that he beares his wife.
But subjects must excuse when Kings claime power.
But leaving this before the charme of sleepe,
Cease with his downy wing^e upon my eyes,
I must goe take account among my servants
Of their dayes taske, we must not cherish sloth,
No covetous thought makes me thus provident,
But to shunne, Idlenesse which wise men say,
Begets ranke lust, and vertue beates away. *Exit.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Horatius, Brutus, Scevola,
Valerius*

Hor. Returne to Rome now we are in the midway to the
Camp?

Sex. My Lords, 'tis businesse that concernes my life.
To morrow if we live weele visite thee.

Vale. Will *Sextus* enjoyne me to accompany him?

Sce. Or me?

Sex. Nor you, nor any, 'tis important businesse
And serious occurrences that call me,
Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wives.

Collatine shall I doe you any service to your *Lucrece*?

Col. Onle commend me.

Sex. What, no private token to purchase our kind welcom?

Col. Would Royall *Sextus* would but honour me to beare
her a slight token.

Sex. What?

Col. This Ring,

Sex. As I am Royall I will see't delivered.
This Ring to *Lucrece* shall my love convey,
And in tri g't thou dost thy bed betray.
To morrow we shall meete, this night sweet fate,

The Rape of Lucrece.

In the kinde we'come that I give his friend.

Sex. Nor love-sicke, but love-lunaticke, love-mad :
I am all fire, imp'tierce, and my blood
Boyles in my heart, with loose and censuall thoughts.

Luc. A chaire for the Prince, may't please your highnes sit?

Sex. Madam, with you. (trencher.

Luc. It will become the wife of *Collatine* to wait upon your

Sex. You shall sit : behind us at the camp we left our state,
W'are but your guest, indeede you shall not waite :

Her modestie hath such strong power ore me,
And such a reverence hath fate given her, brow,
That it appeares a kinde of blasphemy,
T'have any wanton word harsh in her eares.

I cannot woo, and yet I love bove measure,
Tis force not finite must purchase this rich treasure.

Luc. Your highnesse cannot taste such homely cates.

Sex. Indeed I cannot feede (but on thy face,
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace)

Luc. Knew you my Lord, what free and zealous welcome
We tender you, your highnesse would presume
Vpon your entertainment : oft, and many times
I have heard my husband speake of *Sextus* valour,
Extoll your worth, prayse your perfection, (Lucrece
to dote upon your valor, and your friendship prize next his

Sex. Oh impious lust, in all things base, respectles and unjust!
Thy vertue, grace, and fame, I must enjoy,
Though in the purchase I all *Rome* destroy.
Madam if I be welcome as your vertue bids me presume I am,
Carouse to me a health unto your husband.

Luc. A womans draught my Lord, to *Collatine*.

Sext. Nay you must drinke off all.

Luc. Your grace must pardon the tender weaknesse of a
womans braine.

Sex. It is to *Collatine*.

Luc. Me thinks'twould ill become the modestie
Of any Roman Lady to carouse,
And drowne her vertues in the juice of grapes.
How can I shew my love unto my husband

The Rape of Lucrece.

To doe his wife such wrong ? by too much wine
I might neglect the charge of this great house
Left solely to my keepers, else my example
Might in my servants breed encouragement
So to offend, both which were pardonlesse,
Else to your Grace I might neglect my dutie,
And slacke obedience to so great a guest :
All which being accidentall unto wine.
Oh let me not so wrong my *Colatine*.

Sex. We excuse you, her perfections like a torrent
With violence breaks upon me and at once
Inverts and swallows all that's good in me.
Preposterous Fates, what mischiefes you involve
Vpon a Cautiffe Prince, left to the fury
Of all grand mischiefe ? hath the grandame world
Yet smothered such a strange abortiue wonder,
That from her vertues should arise my sinne ?
I am worst then wht's most ill depriv'd all reason
My heart all fierie lust, my soule all treason.

Lue. My Lord, I feare your heath, your changing brow
Hath shewne so much disturbance, noble *Sextus*,
Hath not your ventrous travell from the Campe,
Nor the moyst rawnes of this humorous night impaired your
health ?

Sex. Divinest *Lucrece* no. I cannot eate.

Lue. To rest then a rank of torches there, attend the Prince.

Sex. Madam I doubt I am a guest this night.
Too trouble some, and I offend your rest.

Lu. This Ring speaks for me, that next *Collatine* you are to
me most welcome. yet my Lord thus much presume, without
this from his hand, *Sextus* this night could not have entred
here: no, not the king himselfe :

My dores the day time to my friends are free,
But in the night the obdure gates are lesse kinde.
Without this ring they can no entrance finde.
Lights for the Prince.

Sex. A kille and so goodnight, nay for your rings sake deny
not that.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Lu. Iove give your highnes soft and sweete repose,

Sex. And thee the like with soft and sweete content,
My vowes are fixe, my thoughts on mischiefe bent.

Exit with torches.

Luc. Tis late, so many starres shine in this roome,

By reason of this great and Princely guest,

The world might call our modestie in question,

To revell thus, our husband at the Campe,

Haste and to rest; save in the Princes chamber,

Let not a light appeare, my hearts all sadnesse,

Iove unto thy protection I commit

My chastitie and honour to thy keepe,

My waking soule I give whilst my thoughts sleepe.

Exit.

Enter Clowne and a Servingman.

Clow. Soft, soft not too loud, imagine we were now going
on the ropes with egges on our heeles, he that hath but a creak-
ing shooe I would he had a creeke in is neck, tread not too
hard for disturbing Prince *Sextus*.

Ser. I wonder the Prince would ha none of us stay in his
Chamber and helpe him to bed.

Clow. What an asse art thou to wonder, there may be many
causes: thou knowst the Prince is a Souldier, and Souldiers ma-
ny time want shift: who can say whether he have a cleane shirt
on or no: for any thing that we know he hath us'd staves aker,
or hath tane a medecine to kill the itch, what's that to us, we
did our duty to proffer our selves.

Ser. And what should we enter farther into his thoughts?
come shalls to bed? I me as drowfie as a dormouse, and my
head is as heavy as though I had a night-cap of lead on.

Clow. And my eyes begin to glew themselves together, I
was till supper was done all together for your repast, and now
after supper I am onely for your repose: I thinke for the two
vertues of eating and sleeping, there's never a Roman spirit
under the Cope of heaven can put me downe.

Enter Mirable.

Mir. For shame what a conjuring, and catter-walling
keepe

The Rape of Lucrece.

keepe you here, that my Lady cannot sleepe : you sha'll have
her call by and by, and send you all to bed with a witnesse.

Clow. Sweete Mistris *Mirable* we are going.

Mir. You are too loud, come, every man dispose him to
his rest, and ile to mine.

Ser. Out with your Torches.

Clow. Come then, and everyman sneake into his kennell.

Exeunt.

*Enter Sextus with his Sword drawne and
a Taper light.*

Sex. Night be as secret as thou art close, as close
As thou art blacke and darke, thou ominous Queene
Of *Tenebrouse* silence, make this fatall houre
As true to Rape, as thou hast made it kind
To murder, and harsh mischief: *Cinthia* maske thy cheekes,
And all you sparkling elementall fires
Choake up your beauties in prodigious fogs,
Or be extinct in some thicke vaporous clouds,
Least you behold my practise: I am bound
Vpon a blacke adventure, on a deede
That must wound vertue, and make beautie bleed,
Pause *Sextus*, and before thou runst thy selfe
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sinne,
Thou art yet free, belov'd, grac'd in the Campe,
Of great opinion and undoubted hope,
Romes darling in the universall grace,
Both of the field, and senate: were these fortunes
To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame
Is free from hazard, and thy stile from shame,
Oh fate! thou hast usurpt such power o're man,
That where thou pleadst thy will no mortall can.
On then blacke mischief hurrey me the way,
My selfe I must destroy, her life betray,
The state of King and Subject, the displeasure
Of Prince and people, the revenge of noble,
And the contempt of base the incurd vengeance
Of my wrongd kinsman *Collatine*, the Treason
Against divin' *Lucrece*: all these totall curses

Foreseens

The Rape of Lucrece.

Foreseene not feard upon one *Sextus* meete,
To make my dayes harsh: so this night be sweete,
No iarre of Clocke, no ominouse hatefull howle
Of any starting Hound, nor horse-coughe breath'd from the
Of any drowfie Groome, wakes this charm'd silence (entrails
And starts this generall slumber, forward still, *Lu. discovered*
To make thy lust live, all thy vertues kill. *(in her bed.*

Heere, heere, behold! beneath these curtains lies
That bright enchantresse that hath daz'd my eyes.
Oh who but *Sextus* could commit such waste?
On one so faire, so kinde, so truly chaste?
Or like a ravisher thus rudely stand,
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?
Or at such fatall houres these revels keepe,
With thought once to defile thy innocent sleepe,
Save in this brest, such thoughts could finde no place,
Or pay with treason her kinde hospitall grace;
But I am lust-burnt all, bent on what's bad,
That which should calme good thought, makes *Tarquin* mad.
Madam *Lucrece*?

Luc. Whose that? oh me! beshrew you.

Sex. Sweet, tis I.

Luc. What I?

Sex. Make roome.

Luc. My husband *Collatine*?

Sex. Thy husband's at the Campe.

Luc. Heare is no place for any man save him.

Sex. Grant me that grace.

Luc. What are you?

Sex. *Tarquin* and thy friend, and must enjoy thee.

Luc. Heaven such sinnes defend.

Sex. Why doe you tremble Lady? cease this feare,
I am alone, there's no suspicious eare
That can betray this deede: nay start not sweete.

Luc. Dreame I or am I full awake? oh no!
I know I dreame to see Prince *Sextus* so.
Sweete Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,
I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,

The Rape of Lucrece.

Royall and honest, one that loves my Lord,
And would not wracke a womans chastitie
For *Romes* imperiall Diadem, oh then
Pardon this dream, for being awake I know
Prince *Sextus*, *Romes* great hope, would not for shame
Havocke his owne worth, or dispoile my fame.

Sex. I'me bent on both, my thoughts are all on fire,
Chooſe thee, thou muſt imbrace death, or deſire.
Yet doe I love thee, wilt thou accept it?

Luc. No.

Sex. I not thy love, thou muſt enjoy thy foe.
Where faire meanes cannot, force ſhall make my way :
By *Love* I muſt enjoy thee.

Luc. Sweet Lord ſtay.

Sex. I'me all impatience, violence and rage.
And ſave thy bed nought can this fire aſſwage : wilt love me?

Luc. No, I cannot.

Sex. Tell me why?

Luc. Hate me, and in that hate firſt let me die.

Sex. By *Love* ile force thee. (forbear

Luc. By a God you ſweare, to do a devils deed, ſweet Lord
By the ſame *Love* I ſweare that made this ſoule,
Never to yeild unto an act ſo fowle. Helpe, helpe.

Sex. Theſe pillowes firſt ſhall ſtop thy breath,
If thou but ſhrickeſt harke how ile frame thy death.

Luc. For death : I care not, ſo I keepe unſtaind
The uncraz'd honour I have yet maintaind.

Sex. Thou canſt keepe neither, for if thou but ſqueakeſt
Or letſt the leaſt harſh noiſe jarre in my eare,
Ile broach thee on my ſteele, that done, ſtraight murder
One of thy baſeſt Groomes, and lay you both
Graſpt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witneſſe of that mechall ſinne,
So ſhalt thou die, thy death be ſcandalous,
Thy name be odious, thy ſuſpected body
Denide all funerall rites, and loving *Collatine*
Shall hate thee even in death : then ſave all this,
And to thy fortunes adde another friend,

Give thy feares comfort, and these torments end.

Luc. Ile die first, and yet heare me, as y'are noble,
If all your goodnesse and best generous thoughts
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pity
The Vertues of a woman : marre not that
Cannot be made againe : this once defilde,
Nor all the Ocean waves can purifie
Or wash my staine away : you seeke to soyle,
That which the radiant splendor of the Sunne
Cannot make bright againe : behold my teares,
Oh thinke them pearled drops, distilled from the heart
Of Soule-chast *Lucrece* : thinke them Orators, (man.
To pleade the cause of absent *Collatine*, your friend and kinf-
Sex. Tush, I am obdure.

Luc. Then make my name foule, keepe my body pure,
Oh Prince of Princes, do but weigh your sinne,
Thinke how much I shall loose, how small you winne.
I loose the the honour of my name and blood,
Losse, *Romes* imperiall Crowne cannot make good.
You winne the worlds shame and all good mens hate,
Oh who would pleasure, buy at such deere rate,
Nor can you terme it pleasure, for what is sweet,
Where force and hate, jarre and contention meet ?
Weigh but for what tis that you urge me still;
To gaine a womans love against her will ?
Youle but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,
And thinke that labour's not worth all your strife.
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wrong'd your friends,
But all the world cannot make me amends,
I tooke you for a friend, wrong not my trust,
But let these chaste tearmes quench your fierie lust,

Sex. No, those moist teares contending with my fire,
Quench not my heat, but make it clime much higher :
Ile drag thee hence,

Luc. Oh !

Sex. If thou raise these cries, lodg'd in thy slaughtered
armes some base Groome dyes.
And Rome that hath admired thy name so long

Shall

The Rape of Lucrece.

Shall blot thy death with scandall from my tongue.

Luc. Love guard my innocence.

Sex. Lucrece thou art mine:

In spite of *Love* and all the powers divine.

He beares her out.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. What's a Clocke too? my Lord bad me be early readie with my Gelding, for he would ride betimes in the morning: now had I rather be up an houre before my time then a minute after. for my Lord will be so infinite angry if I but over-sleepe my selfe a moment, that I had better be out of my life then in his displeasure: but soft, some of my Lord *Collatines* men lie in the next chamber, I care not if I call them up, for it growes towards day: what *Pompey*, *Pompey*?

Clo. Who is that calls?

Ser. 'Tis I.

Clo. Whose that, my Lord *Sextus* his man, what a pox make you up before day?

Ser. I would have the key of the Gate to come at my Lords Horse in the stable.

Clo. I would my Lord *Sextus* and you were both in the hay-loft, for *Pompey* can take none of his naturall rest among you; heres eene Ofler rise and give my horse another pecke of hay.

Ser. Nay good *Pompey* helpe me to the key of the Stable.

Clo. Well, *Pompey* was borne to do *Rome* good in being so kinde to the young Prince Gelding, but if for my kindnesse in giving him Pease and Oates he should kicke me, I should scarce say God a meicy horse: but come, Ile goe with thee to the stable.

Exeunt

Enter Sextus and Lucrece unready.

Sex. Nay, weepe not sweete, what's done is past recall,
Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow
Which is yet without blemish, what hath past
Is hid from the worlds eye, and onely private
Twixt us, faire *Lucrece*: pull not on my head,
The wrath of *Rome*; if I have done thee wrong,

The Rape of Lucrece.

Love was the cause, thy fame is without blot.
And thou in *Sextus* hast a true friend got,
Nay sweet looke up, thou onely hast my heart,
I must be gone, *Lucrece* a kisse and part.

Lu. Oh! *She flings from him and Exit.*

Sex. No ? peevish dame farewell, then be the Bruter
Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquin* would conceale,
I am arm'd 'gainst all can come, let mischief frowne,
With all his terror arm'd with ominous fate,
To all their spleenes a welcome ile afford,
With this bold heart, strong hand and my good sword.

Exit.

*Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Aruns,
Scevola, Collatine.*

Bru. What so early *Valerius* and your voyce not up yet?
thou wast wont to be my Larke, and raise me with thy early
notes.

Val. I was never so hard set yet my Lord, but I had ever a
fit of mirth for my friend.

Bru. Prethee lets heare it then while we may, for I divine
thy musique and my madnesse are both short liv'd, we shall
have somewhat else to doe ere long we hope *Valerius*.

Hor. Iove send it.

*Packe clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow,
Sweete Ayre blow soft, mount Lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Winges from the winde, to please her minde,
Notes from the Larke ile borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing:
To give my love good morrow,
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'ie borrow.*

*Wake from thy nest Robin red-brest,
Sing Birds in every Furrow,
And from each bill, let Musicke shrill,*

Give

The Rape of Lucrece.

Give my faire love good morrow :
Blacke-bird and Thrush, in euery Bush,
Stare, Linnet, and Cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my faire love good morrow.
To giue my love good morrow,
Sing Birdes in euery Furrow.

Brū. Me thinks our warres go not well forwards, *Horatius* we have greater enemies to bustle with then the *Ardeans*, if we durst but front them.

Hor. Would it were come to fronting.

Brū. Then we married men should have the advantage of the batchelers *Horatius*, especially such as have reveling wives, those that can caper in the Citie, while their husbands are in the Camp, *Collatine* why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, having a *Lucrece* to your bedfellow.

Col. My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry

See. Come, come, make him merry, lets have a song in praise of his *Lucrece*.

Val. Content.

The fourth new Song : In the praise of Lucrece.

On two white Colomns archt she stands,
Some snow would thinke them sure ;
Some Christall, others Lillies stript,
But none of those so pure.

This beauty when I contemplate
What riches I behold,
'Tis roost within with vertuous thoughts,
Without, 'tis thatcht with gold.

Two doores there are to enter at,
The one I le not enquire,
Because conceal'd, the other seene,
Whose sight inflames desire.

The Ripe of Lucrece.

*Whether the porch be Corraill cleere,
Or with rich Crimson lin'd,
Or Rose-leaves, lasting all the yeere
It is not yet divin'd.*

*Her eyes not made of purest glasse,
Or Christall, but transpareth;
The life of Diamonds they surpasse,
Their very sight insnareth.*

*That which without we rough-cast call,
To stand 'gainst winde and weather,
For its rare beauty equals all
That I have nam'd together.*

*For were it not by modest Art
Kept from the light of skies,
It wuld strike dim the Sunne it selfe,
And daze the gazers eyes.*

*The Case for rich, how may we praise
The jewell lodg'd within,
To draw their praise I were unwise,
To wrong them it were sinne.*

Arr. I should be frolicke if my brother were but return'd to the Camp.

Hor. And in good time behold Prince *Sextus*.

Omnes. Health to our Generall.

Sex. Thank you.

Bru. Will you suruey your forces, and give order for a present assault, your souldiers long to be tugging with the *Ardeans*.

Sex. No.

Col. Have you seene *Lucretia* my Lord, how fares she?

Sex. Well, Ile to my Tent.

Arr. Why how now, whats the matter brother?

Exeunt the brothers.

Bru.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Bru. Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent: Get thee to thy Tent and coward goe with thee, if thou hast noe more spirit to a speedie encounter.

Vale. Shall I goe after him and know the cause of his discontent? -

See. Or I my Lord?

Bru. Neither, to pursue a foole in his humor? is the next way to make him more humorous, Ile not be guiltie of his folly, thank you, no, before I wish him health agen when he is sicke of the sullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but like a runagate.

See. Perhaps hee's not well.

Bru. Well: then let him be.

Vale. Nay if he bedying I could wish he were, Ile ring out his funerall peale, and this it is.

Come list and harke

The Bell doth towle,

For some but new

Departing soule.

And was not that

Some ominous fowle,

The Bat the Night-

Crow or Skreech-Owle.

To these I heare

The wild-Woolfe Howle

In this black night

That seemes to Skowle.

All these my black-

Booke, shall in-rowle.

For Harke, still still

The Bell doth towle

For some but now

Departing soule.

See. Excellent *Valerius*, but is not that *Collatines* man?

Enter Clowne.

Vale. The newes with this hasty post.

Clo.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Clo. Did no body see my Lord *Collatine* ? oh ! my Ladie commends her to you, her's a letter.

Col. Give it me.

Clo. Fie upon't, never was poore *Pompey* so over-labour'd, as I have beene, I thinke I have spurd my horse such a question, that he is scarce able to wig or wag his tayle for an answere, but my Lady bad me spare for no horse flesh, and I thinke I have made him runne his race.

Bru. Cosen *Collatine* the newes at *Rome* ?

Col. Nothing but what you all may well pertake, reade here my Lord,

Brutus reades the letter.

Deere Lord, if ever thou will see thy *Lucrece*,

Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,

And all important businesse set apart,

Repaire to *Rome* : commend me to Lord *Brutus*,
Valerius, *Mutius*, *Horatius*.

Say I in treat their presence, where my Father

Lucretius shall attend them, farewell sweet,

Th' affaires are great, then doe not faile to meete.

Bru. Ile thither as I live.

Col I though I die.

Sce. To *Rome* with expeditious wings wee leaue.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Hor. The newes, the newes, if it have any shape
Of sadnesse, if some prodemie have have chanc'd,

That may beget revenge, ile cease to chafe,

Vex, martyr, grieve, torture, torment my selfe,

And tune my humor to strange straines of mirth,

My soule divines some happinesse, speake, speake :

I know thou hast some newes that will create me

Merrie and muscicall, for I would laugh,

Be new transhapt, I prethee sing *Valerius* that I may aye with

(thee.

The last new Song.

I'de thinke my selfe as proud in Shackles,

As doth the ship in all her Tackles.

The wise-man boasts no more his Braines.

Then I'de insult in Gyves and Chaines :

As

*As Creditors would use there Debtors,
So could I toss and shake my Fetters,
But not confesse, my thoughts should be
In durance fast as those kept me.
And could when spight their hurts Invirons.
Then dance to th' musick of my Irons.*

Vale. Now tell us what's the project of thy message?

Clo. My Lords, the Princely *Sextus* has beene at home, but what he hath done there I may partly mistrust, but cannot altogether resolve you: besides, my Lady swore me, that whatsoever I suspected I should say nothing.

Val. If thou wilt not say thy minde I prethee sing thy minde, and then thou maist save thine oath.

Clo. Indeed I was not sworne to that, I may either laugh out my newes or sing em, and so I may save mine oath to my Lady.

Hor. How's all at *Rome*, that with such sad presage
Disturbed *Collatine* and noble *Brutus*
Are hurried from the Camp with *Scevola*?
And we with expedition amongst the rest,
Are charg'd to *Rome*? speake what did *Sextus* there with thy
faire Mistresse?

Val. Second me my Lord, and weelee urge him to disclose it.

Valerius, Horatius, and the Clowne
their Catch.

Val. Did he take faire *Lucrece* by the toe man?

Hor. Toe man.

Val. I man.

Clow. Ha ha ha ha ha man.

Hor. And further did he strive to go man?

Clow. Goe man.

Hor. I man.

Clow. Ha ha hahha man, fa derry derry downe
ha fa derry dino.

Val. Did he take faire *Lucrece* by the heele man?

The Rape of Lucrece.

Clow. *Heele man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ba ba ha man.*

Hor. *And did he further strive to feele man?*

Clow. *Feele man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clo. *Ha ha ha ba man, ba fa derry, &c.*

Val. *Did he take the Lady by the shin man?*

Clow. *Shin man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Haba ba ba man.*

Hor. *Further too would he have been man?*

Clow. *Been man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, Ha fa dery, &c.*

Val. *Did he take the lady by the knee man?*

Clow. *Knee man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *Farther then that would he be man?*

Clow. *Be man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.*

Val. *Did he take the Lady by the thigh man.*

Clow. *Thigh man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man*

Hor. *And now he came it somewhat nie man.*

Clow. *Nie man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ba man, Hey fa dery, &c.*

Val. *But did he do the tother thing man?*

Clow. *Thing man?*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Haba ba ba man.*

Hor. *And at the same had he a fling man.*

Clo. *Fling man.* Hor. *I man.* Clo. *Hay ha ha man, bey fa dery, &c.*

Exeunt.

The Rape of Lucrece.

A Table and a Chaire covered with blacke.

Lucrece and her Maid.

Luc. Mirable.

Maid. Madam.

Luc. Is not my father old *Lucretius* come yet?

Maid. Not yet.

Luc. Nor any from the Campe?

Maid. Neither Madam.

Luc. Go, begon, and leave me to the truest grief of heart,
That ever entred any Matrons brest: Oh!

Maid. Why weepe you Lady? alas why do you staine
Your modest cheekes with these offensive teares?

Luc. Nothing, nay, nothing: oh you powerfull Gods,
That should have Angels guardents on your throne.

To protect innocence and chastitie! oh why
Suffer you such inhumane massacre
On harmlesse vertue? wherefore take you charge,

On sinlesse soules to see them wounded thus
With Rape or violence? or give white innocence,
Armor of proofe gainst sinne: or by oppression
Kill vertue quite, and guerdon base transgression?

Is it my fate above all other women?
Or is my sinne more hainous then the rest,
That amongst Thousands, millions, infinites,
I, onely I, should to this shame be borne,
To be a staine to women, natures scorne? oh!

Maid. What ailes you Madam, truth you make me weep
To see you shed salt teares: what hath opprest you?
Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?
Your habit able, and your eyes thus swolne
With ominous teares, alas what troubles you?

Luc. I am not sad, thou didst deceive thy selfe,
I did not weepe, ther's nothing troubles me,
But wherefore dost thou blush?

Maid. Madam not I.

Luc. Indeed thou didst, and in that blush my guilt thou didst
How cam'st thou by the notice of my sinne? (betray

Maid. What sinne?

The Rape of Lucrece.

Luc. My blot, my scandall, and my shame :
Oh *Tarquin*, thou my honour didst betray,
Disgrace no time, no age can wipe away, oh !

Maid. Sweet Lady cheare your selfe, Ile fetch my Violl,
And see if I can sing you fast asleepe,
A little rest would weare away this passion.

Luc. Do what thou wilt, I can command no more,
Being no more a woman, I am now
Devote to death and an inhabitant
Of th'other world : these eyes must ever weepe
Till fate hath closd them with eternall sleepe.

Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola, Valerius one way Lucretius another way.

Luc. Brutus !

Brn. Lucretius .

Luc. Father !

Col. Lucrece !

Luc. Collatine !

Brn. How cheare you Madam ? how ist with you cousen ?
Why is your eye deject and drown'd in sorrow ?
Why is this funerall blacke, and ornaments
Of widdow-hood ? resolve me cousen *Lucrece*.

Hor. How fare you Lady ?

Old Luc. What's the matter girle ?

Col. Why how is't with you *Lucrece*, tell me sweete ?
Why do'st thou hide thy face ? and with thy hand
Darken those eyes that were my Sonnes of joy,
To make my pleasures flourish in the Spring ?

Luc. Oh me !

Val. Whence are these sighes and teares ?

See. How growes this passion ?

Brn. Speake Lady, you are hem'd in with your friends.
Girt in a pale of safety, and environ'd
And circled in a fortresse of your kindred.
Let not those drops fall fruitles to the ground,
Nor let your sighes adde to the fencelesse wind.
Speake, who hath wrong'd you ?

Luc.

Luc. Ere I speake my woe,
Swear youle revenge poore *Lucrece* on her foe.

Brut. Be his head archt with gold.

Hor. Be his hand arm'd with an imperiall Scepter.

Old Luc. Be he great as *Tarquin*, throand in an imperiall fear.

Brut. Be he no more then mortall, he shall feele
The vengefull edge of this victorious steele.

Luc. Then seat you Lords, whilst I expresse my wrong.
Father dear husband, and my kinsman, Lords,
Heare me, I am dishonour'd and disgrac'd,
My reputation mangled, my renowne
disaraged, but my body, oh my body.

Col. What *Lucrece*?

Luc. Stain'd, polluted, and defil'd.
Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,
Yet is my body soild with lust-burn'd sinne,
And by a stranger I am strumpeted, (Matrons.
Ravish't, in forc'd, and am no more to rank among the Roman

Br. Yet cheere you Lady, and restraime these teares,
If you were forc'd the sin concernes not you, Ravisher?
A woman's borne but with womans strength: who was the

Hor. I, name him Lady, our love to you shall only thus
appeare in the revenge that we will take on him.

Luc. I hope so Lords, 'twas *Sextus* the Kings Sonne.

Omnes. How? *Sextus Tarquin*!

Luc. That unprincely Prince, who guest-wife entred with
my husbands Ring,

This Ring, oh *Collatine*! this Ring you sent
Is cause of all my woe, your discontent.

I feasted him, then lodg'd him, and bestowde
My choifest welcome, but in the dead of night
My traiterous guest came arm'd unto my bed,
Frighted my silent sleepe, threatned, and praid
For entertainment: I despised both.

Which hearing, his sharp pointed Semiter
The Tyrant bent against my naked brest,
Alas, I beg'd my death, but note his tyranny

The Rape of Lucrece.

Bru. And you dear Lord, whose speechlesse grief is bound-
Turne all your teares with ours, to wrath and rage, lesse.
The hearts of all the *Tarquins* shall wee, e blood
Vpon the funerall Hearse, with whose chaste body,
Honour your armes, and to h'assembled people,
Discloſe her innocent woundes : Gramercies Lords,

A great shout and a flourish with drums and Trumpets

That universal shout tels me their words
Are gracious with the people, and their troopes
Are ready imbatteld, and expect but us
To lead them on, to e give our fortunes speed.
Weele murder, murder, and ba e rape shall bleed.

*Alarum, Enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying,
pursued by Brutus, and the Romans march with Drum and
Colors, Porſenna, Aruns, Sextus, Tarquin, and Tullia
meets and joynes with them : To them Brutus and the Romans
with Drum and souldiers : they make a stand.*

Bru. Even thus farre Tyrant have we dog'd thy steps,
Frighting thy Queene and thee with horrid Steele :

Tar. Lodg'd in the safetie of *Porſennas* armes,
Now Traytor *Brutus* we dare front thy pride :

Her. *Porſenna* th'art unworthy of a scepter,
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyrannie,
In that proud Prince and his confederate Peeres.

Sex. Traytors to heaven : to *Tarquin*, Rome and us,
Treason to Kings doth stretch even to the Gods,
And those high Gods that take great Rome in charge,
shall punish your rebellion.

Col. Oh Devill *Sextus*, speake not thou of Gods,
Nor cast those false and fained eyes to heaven,
Whose rape the furies must torment in Hell,
of *Lucrece*, *Lucrece*.

See. Her chaste blood still cries for vengeance to the Ethe-
rial deities.

Luc. Oh 'twas a foule deed *Sextus*.

Val. And thy shame shall be eternall and out live her fame.

Ar. Say *Sextus* lov'd her, was she not a woman,
I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,
Must you being privat subjects dare to Ring
Warres loud alarm gainst your potent King?

Por. *Brutus* therein thou dost forget thy selfe,
And wrong'st the glory of thine Ancestors, stayning thy
blood with Treason.

Bru. *Tuscan* know the Consull *Brutus* is their powerfull
foe.

All Tarquine. Consull.

Hor. I consull and the powerfull hand of Rome
Graspes his imperiall sword: the name of King
The Tyrant *Tarquins* have made odious
Vnto this nation and the generall knee
Of this our warlike people, now low bends
To royall *Brutus* where the Kings name ende.

Bru. Now *Sextus* wher's the Oracle, when I kist
My Mother earth it plainely did foretell,
My Noble vertues did thy sinne exceed,
Brutus should sway, and lust burnt *Tarquin* bleed.

Val. Now shall the blood of *Servius*, fall as heavie
As a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads, ore whelming
all your glorie.

Hor. *Tullia's* guilt, shall be by us reveng'd, that in her pride
In blood paternall, her rough coach-wheels di'd.

Luc. Your Tyrannies:

Ser. Pride.

Col. And my *Lucrece* fate, shall all be swallowed in this
hostile hate.

Sex. Oh *Romulus*, thou that first reard yon walles
In sight of which we stand, in thy softe bosome
Is hugg'd, the nest in which the *Tarquins* build;
Within the branches of thy lofty spires
Tarquin shall pearch, or where he once hath stood,
His high built airy shall be drown'd in blood;
Alarm then *Brutus* by heaven I vow,
My sword shall prove thou nere wast made till now.

Bru. Sextus, my madnesse with your lives expires,
Thy sensuall eyes are fixt upon that wall,
Thou nere shall enter, Rome confines you all.

Por. A charge then.

Tar. Ioue and Tarquin.

Hor. But we crie a Brutus.

Bru. Lucrece, fame and victory.

Alarum, the Romans are beaten off.

*Alarum, Enter Brutus, Horatius Valerius, Scevola,
Lucretius and Collatine.*

Bru. Thou Ioviall hand hold up thy Scepter high,
And let not Iustice be oppressd with Pride,
Oh you *Penates* leave not Rome and us,
Graspt in the purple hands of death and ruine, the *Tarquins*
have the best.

Hor. Yet stand, my foote is fixt upon this bridge; Tiber,
Thy arch'd streames shall be chang'd crimson, with
The Roman blood before I budge from hence.

Sce. Brutus retire, for if thou enter Rome
We are all lost, stand not on valour now,
But save thy people, let's survive this day,
To trie the fortunes of another field.

Val. Breake downe the Bridge least the pursuing enemy
Enter with us and take the spoile of Rome.

Hor. Then breake behinde me, for by heaven il'e grow
And roote my foote as deepe as to the center, before I leave
this passage.

Luc. Come your mad.

Col. The foe comes on, and we in trifling heere, hazard
our selfe and people.

Hor. Save them all, to make Rome stand, *Horatius* here will
fall.

Bru. We would not loose thee, do not brest thy selfe
'Gainst thousands, if thou front'st them, thou art ring'd
With million swords and darts, and we behind
Must breake the Bridge of Tyber to save Rome.
Before thee infinite gaze on thy face.

The Rape of Lucrece.

And menace death, the raging fireames of *Tyber* are at thy
backe to swallow thee.

Hor. Retire, to make *Rome* live, tis death that I desire.

Bru. Then farewell dead *Horatius*, thinke in us
The unvierfall arme of Potent *Rome*,
Takes his last leave of thee in this embrace. *Allembbrace him.*

Hor. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Bru. These arches all must downe to interdict their passage
through the towne.

Exeunt.

*Alarum, Enter Tarquin, Porfenna, and Aruns with
their pikes and Targeters.*

All. Enter, enter, enter. *A noise of knocking downe the bridge.*

Hor. Soft *Tarquin*, See a bullwarke to the bridge, (*within.*
You first must passe, the man that entres here
Must make his passage through *Horatius* brest,
See with this Target do I buckler *Rome*, (Kings.
And with this sword defie the puissant army of two great

Por. One man to face an host!

Charge souldiers, of full forty thousand Romans
Theres but one daring hand against your host,
To keep you from the lacke or spoile of *Rome*, charge, charge.

Aruns. Vpon them Souldiers, *Alarum, Alarum.*

*Enter in several places, Sextus and
Valerius above.*

Sex. Oh cowards slaves, and vassals, what not enter?
Was it for this you plac'd my regiment
Vpon a hill to be the sad spectator
Of such a generall cowardise? *Tarquin, Aruns,*
Porfenna, souldiers passe *Horatius* quickly,
For they behind him wil devolve the bridge,
And raging *Tyber* that's impassible.
Your hoast must swimme before you conquer *Rome*.

Val. Yet stand *Horatius*, beare but one brunt more,
The arched bridge shall sinke upon his piles.
And in his fall lift thy renown to heaven.

Sex. Yet enter.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Val. Dear *Horatius*, yet stand and save a million by one powerfull hand.

Alarm, and the falling of the Bridge.

Aruns and all. Charge, charge, charge.

Sex. Degenerate slaves, the Bridge is falne, Rome's lost.

Vale. *Horatius*, thou art stronger then their hoste,
Thy strength is valour, theirs are idle braves,
Now save thy self, and leap into the waves.

Hor. *Porfenna*, *Tarquin*, now wade past your depths
And enter Rome, I feel my body sinke
Beneath my ponderous weight, Rome is preserv'd,
And now farewell; for he that follows me
Must search the bottome of this raging stream,
Fame with thy golden wings renowne my Crest,
And *Tyber* take me on thy silver brest. *Exit.*

Por. Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drownd himself.

Sex. You are deceiv'd, his spirit soares too high
To be choakt in with the base element
Of water, lo he swims arm'd as he was,
Whilst all the army have discharg'd their arrows,
Of which the shield upon his back sticks full.

shoot and flourish.

And hark, the shout of all the multitude
Now welcoms him a land: *Horatius* fame
Hath chekt our armies with a generall shame,
But come, to morrows fortune must restore
This scandall, which I of the Gods implore.

Por. Then we must finde another time-faire Prince
To scourge these people, and revenge your wrongs.
For this night ile betake me to my tent.

A Table and Lights in the tent.

Tar. And we to ours, to morrow wee'll renowne
Our army with the spoile of this rich Towne.

Exit Tarquin cum suis.

Enter Secretary.

Por. Our Secretary.

Secret.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Secret. My Lord:

Por. Command Lights and Torches in our Tents.

Enter souldiers with Torches.

And let a guard ingirt our safety round,
Whilst we debate of Military businesse:
Come, sit and let's consult.

Enter Scevola disguised.

Scevo. *Horatius*, famous for defending Rome,
But we ha done nought worthy *Scevola*,
Nor a Roman: I in this disguise
Have past the army and the puissant guard
Of King *Porfenna*: this should be his tent;
And in good time, now fate direct my strength
Against a King, to free great *Rome* at length.

Secret. Oh I am slain; treason, treason.

Porfen. Villaine what hast thou done?

Scevo. Why slain the King.

Porfen. What King?

Scevo. *Porfenna*.

Porfen. *Porfenna* lives to see thee tortured,
With plagues more divellish then the pains of Hell.

Sce. Oh too rash *Mutius*, hast thou mist thy aime?
And thou base hand that didst direct my Poniard
Against a Pesants brest, behold thy error
Thus I will punish: I will give thee freely
Vnto the fire, nor will I wear a limbe,
That with such rashnesse shall offend his Lord.

Por. What will the madman do?

Sce. *Porfenna* so, punish my hand thus, for not killing thee.
Three hundred noble lads beside my self
Have vow'd to all the gods that patron *Rome*,
Thy ruine for supporting tyranny:
And though I fail, expect yet every houre,
When some strange fate thy fortunes will devour.

Por. Stay Roman, we admire thy constancy,
And scorne of fortune, go, return to *Rome*,
We give thee life, and say, The king *Porfenna*,

The Rape of Lucrece.

Whose life thou seek'st is in this honorable,
Passe freely, guard him to the walls of Rome,
And were we not so much engag'd to *Tarquin*,
We would not lift a hand against that nation that breeds
such noble spirits. *Exit.*

Scevol. Well, I go, and for revenge take life even of my foe.

Porf. Conduct him safely: what good Gallants
Sworne to our death, and all resolv'd like him!
Weele prove for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,
Peace shall be made with Rome, but first our secretary
Shall have his rights of Funerall, then our shield
We must addresse next for to morrowes field. *Exit.*

Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine,

and Lucrece Marching.

Bru. By thee we are Confull, and still govern Rome,
Which but for thee, had bin dispoild and tane,
Made a confus'd heape of men and stones,
Swimming in bloud and slaughter, deare *Horatius*!
Thy noble picture shall be carv'd in brasce,
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory in our high Capitoll.

Hor. Great Confull Thanks, but leaving this, lets
March out of the Citie.

And once more, bid them battell on the plaines.

Val. This day my soule divines we shall live free
From all the furious *Tarquins*: but whieres: *Scevola*? we see
not him to day.

Enter Scevola.

Here Lords, behold me handlelesse as you see.
The cause I mist *Porfenna* in his tent,
And in his stead kild but his secretary.
The moved King when he beheld me punish
My rash mistake, with losse of my right hand,
Vnbeg'd and almost scorn'd he gave me life.
Which I had then refus'd, but in desire to venge faire *Lucrece*
Rape.

Hor. Deare *Scevola* thou hast exceeded us in our resolve,
But will the *Tarquins* give us present battell?

Sce.

The Rape of Lucrece.

See. That may ye heare, the Skirmish is begun already
twixt the horse.

Luc. Then noble Consull lead our maine Battell on.

Brut. Oh *Love* this day ballance our cause, and let her innocent
bloud, destroy the heads of all the *Tarquins*, see this day
In her cause do we consecrate our lives.

And in defence of Iustice now march on:

I heare their Martiall musique, be our shock

As terrible as are the meeting clouds

That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,

And this rough charge shall all our hopes repaire.

Exeunt, Alarum battell within.

Enter Porfenna and Aruns.

Porfen. Yet grow our losfy plumes unflag'd with bloud,
And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the aire : How goes the
battell *Aruns*?

Aru. Tis even balanst, I enter chang'd with *Brutus* hand to
hand a dangerous encounter, both are wounded, and had not
the rude prease divided us, one had dropt downe to earth.

Por. Twas bravely fought. I saw the King your father free
his person from Thousand Romans that begirt his state, where
flying arrowes thick as attomes sung about his eares.

Aru. I hope a glorious day, come *Tuscan King* let's on
them.

Alarum,

Enter Horatius and Valerius.

Hor. *Aruns* stay, that sword that late did drinke the Consuls
bloud, must with keene phang tire upon my flesh, or this on
thine.

Aruns. It sparde the Consuls life to end thy dayes in a
more glorious strife.

Val. I stand against thee *Tuscan*,

Por. I for thee.

Hor. Where ere I finde a *Tarquin* he's for me.

Alarum, fight, Aruns slain, Porfenna Expulst,

*Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his brest, Tullia with
him, persude by Collatine, Lucretius, Scevola.*

Since

Tar. Faire *Tullia* leave me, save thy selfe by flight,
Since mine is desperate, behold I am wounded
Even to the death: there staves within my tent
A winged lennet, mount his back and fly,
Live to revenge my death since I must die.

Tul. Had I the heart to tread upon the bulke
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughtered,
Only for the love of *Tarquin* and a Crown,
And shall I fear death more then losse of both?
No, this is *Tullia's* fame, rather then fly
From *Tarquin*, 'mongst a thousand swords steel dy.

All. Hew them to pieces both.

Tar. My *Tullia* save,
And ore my cariffe head those Meteors wave.

Coll. Let *Tullia* yeild then.

Tul. Yeild me, Cuckold no;
Mercy I scorne, let me the danger know.

See. Vpon them then.

Val. Let's bring them to their fate,
And let them perish in the peoples hate.

Tul. Fear not, Ile back thee husband.

Tar. But for thee,
Sweet were the hand that this charg'd soul could free,
Life I despise, let noble *Sextus* stand
To avenge our death, even till these vitals end,
Scorning my own, thy life will I defend.

Tul. And Ile sweet *Tarquin* to my power guard thine,
Come on ye slaves and make this earth divine.

Alarum, Tarquin and Tullia slaine.

Alarum, Brutus all bloody.

Brut. *Aruns*, this crimson favour for thy sake,
Ile weare upon my forehead maskt with blood,
Till all the moysture in the *Tarquins* veines
Be spilt upon the earth, and leave thy body
As dry as the parcht Summer, burnt and scorcht with the Ca-
nicular stars.

Hor. *Aruns* lies dead,
By this brigh sword that towr'd about his head.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Col. And see great Consull, where the pride of *Rome* lies sunke and fallen.

Val. Besides him lies the Queen mangled and hewn amongst the Roman Souldiers.

Hor. Lift up their slaughter'd bodies, help to rear them against this hill in view of all the Camp.

This fight will be a terrour to the foe, and make them yeild or fly.

Brn. But wher's the Ravisher, injurious *Sextus*, that we see not him?

Short Alarm.

Enter Sextus.

Sex. Through broken spears, crackt swords, unboweld steeds, Flaude armors, mangled limbs, and batter'd casks, Knee deep in blood, I ha pierst the Roman host to be my Fathers rescue.

Hor. 'Tis too late, his mounting pride's sunk in the peoples hate.

Sex. My Father, Mother, Brother! fortune, now I do defie thee, I expose my self To horrid danger, safety I despise: I dare the worst of perill, I am bound. On till this pile of flesh be all one wound.

Val. Begirt him Lords, this is the Ravisher, Ther's no revenge for *Lucrece* till he fall.

Luc. Cease *Sextus* then:

Sex. *Sextus* defies you all; yet will you give me language ere I die.

Brn. Say on.

Sex. 'Tis not for mercy, for I scorne that life That's given by any, and the more to adde To your immense unmeasurable hate, I was the spur unto my fathers pride, 'Twas I that aw'd the Princes of the land; That made thee *Brutus* mad, these discontent: I ravisht the chaste *Lucrece*; *Sextus* I, Thy daughter, and thy wife, *Brutus* thy Cousin, Allide indeed to all; 'twas for my Rape,

Her constant hand ript up her innocent brest, 'twas *Sextus* did all this.

Col. Which ile revenge.

Hor. Leave that to me.

Luc. Old as I am Ile doo't.

See. I have one hand left yet, of strength enough to kill a Ravisher.

Sex. Come all at once, I all; yet heare me *Brutus*,
Thou art honourable,

And my words tend to thee: My father dide

By many hands; What's he mongst you can challenge

The least, I smallest honour in his death?

If I be kill'd among this hostile throng,

The poorest snakeie souldier well may claime

As much renowne in noble *Sextus* death,

As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius*:

I am to die, and more then die I cannot,

Rob not your selves of honour in my death.

When the two mightiest spirits of *Greece* and *Troy*,

Tug'd for the mastery, *Hector* and *Achillis*,

Had puissant *Hector* by *Achillis* hand,

Dide in single monomachie, *Achillis*

Had bin the Worthy: but being slain by odds,

The poorest *Mirmidon* had as much honour

As faint *Achillis* in the *Trojans* death.

Bru. Hadst thou not done a deed so execrable

That gods and men abhorre, ide love thee *Sextus*,

And hug thee for this challenge breath'd so freely?

Behold, I stand for *Rome* as Generall,

Thou of the *Tarquins* doest alone survive,

The head of all these garboyles, the chief actor

Of that black sin, which we chastise by armes.

Brave Romans, with your bright swords be our lists,

And ring us in, none dare to offend the Prince

By the least touch, lest he incurre our wrath:

This honour do your Consul, that his hand

May punish this arch-mischiefe, that the times

Succeeding may of *Brutus* thus much tell,

The Rape of Lucrece.

By him, Pride, Lust, and all the *Tarquins* fell.

Sex. To ravish *Lucrece* Cuckold *Collatine*,

And spill the chafteft blood that ever ran

In any Matrons vaines, repents me not

So much as to ha wrong'd a Gentleman

So noble as the Consull in this strife.

Brutus be bold, thou fights with one scornes life.

Bru. And thou with one, that lesse then his renown,

Priseth his blood, or *Romes* imperiall Crowne.

*Alarum, a fierce fight with sword and target,
then after pause and breathe.*

Bru. *Sextus* stand faire, much honor shall I win
To revenge *Lucrece*, and chastise thy sin.

Sext. I repent nothing, may I live or die,
Though my blood fall, my spirit shall mount on his.

*Alarum, fight with single swords, and being deadly wounded and
panting for breath, making a streak at each together with
their gantlets they fall.*

Hor. Both slaine! Oh noble *Brutus*, this thy fame
To after ages shall survive; thy body
shall have a faire and gorgious Sepulchre:
For whom the Matrons shall in funerall black
Mourn twelue sad Moones, thou that first govern'd
And swaid the people by a Consuls name. (*Rome*,
These bodies of the *Tarquins* wee cle commit
Vnto the funerall pile: you *Collatine*
Shall succeed *Brutus*, in the Consuls place,
Whom with this Lawrell wreath we here create.

Crowne him with a Lawrell.

Such is the peoples voyce, accept it then.

Col. We do, and may our powreso just appeare,
Rome may have peace, both with our love and care.
But soft, what march is this?

The Rape of Lucrece.

*Florish. Porseuna, Drum, Collatine and
Souldiers.*

Por. The *Tuscan* King, seeing the *Tarquins* slain,
Thus arm'd and battell'd offers peace to *Rome* :
To confirme which, We'e give you present hostage ;
If you deny, We'e stand upon our guard,
And by the force of armes, maintain our own.

Val. After so much efusion and large waste
Of Roman blood, the name of peace is welcome :
Since of the *Tarquins* none remain in *Rome*,
And *Lucrece* Rape is now reveng'd at full,
'Twere good to entertain *Porseuna's* League.

Cel. *Porseuna* we imbrace, whose Royall presence
Shall grace the Consull to the funerall pile.

March on to *Rome*, *Love* be our guard and guide,
That hath in us, veng'd Rape, and punish'd Pride.

Exeunt.

To the Reader.

BEcause we would not that any mans expectation should be deceived in the ample Printing of this Book : Lo, (Gentle Reader) we have inserted these few Songs, which were added by the stranger that lately acted *Valerius* his part, in forme following.

The

The Cryes of R o m e .

THus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Round and sound all of a collar,
Buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone,
Round and sound all of a collar,
Buy a very fine marking stone a very very fine.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Bread and—meat—bread—and meat
For the—ten—der—mercy of God to the
poore pris—ners of Newgate, foure—
score and ten—poore—prisoners.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Salt—salt—white wor—ster shire salt,
Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Buy a very fine Mouse-trap, or a tormentor
for your Fleaes.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Kitchin-stuffe maids,

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Ha you any wood to cleave ?

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
I ha white Radish, white
hard Lettice, white young Onions.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.

The Rape of Lucrece.

1 ha Rock-Sampier, Rock-Sampier.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Buy a Mat, a Mil. mat,

Mat, a Hasock for your pew,

A stopple for a close stoole,

Or a Pesock to thrust your feet in.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Whiting maids whiting.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Hot fine Oat-cakes, hot.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Small-Coales here.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Will you buy any Milke to day.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Lantherne and Candle light here

Maid, a light here.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Here lies a company of very poore

women, in the dark dungeon,

Hungry cold and comfortlesse night and day,

Pity the poore women in the dark dungeon.

Thus go the cries where they do house them,

First they come to the grate, and then

They go losse them.

The second Song.

Arise, arise, my Iuggie my Puggie,
arise get up my dear,
The weather is cold, it blowes, it snowes,
oh let me be lodged here.
My Iuggie my Puggie, my hony my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,
Oh oh, the weather is cold, it blowes, it snowes,
oh oh, let me lodged here.

Begon, begon, my Willie, my Billie,
begon, begon my deare,
The weather is warme, 'twill do thee no harme,
thou canst not be lodged here.
My Willy, my Billie, my hony my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,
Oh oh, the weather is warme, 'twill do thee no harm
oh oh, thou canst not be lodged here.

Farewell, farewell, my Iuggie, my Puggie,
farewell, farewell my deare,
Then will I begon from whence that I came,
if I cannot be lodged here.
My Iuggie my Puggie, my hony, my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,
Oh oh, then will I be gone, from whence that I came,
oh oh, if I cannot be lodged here.

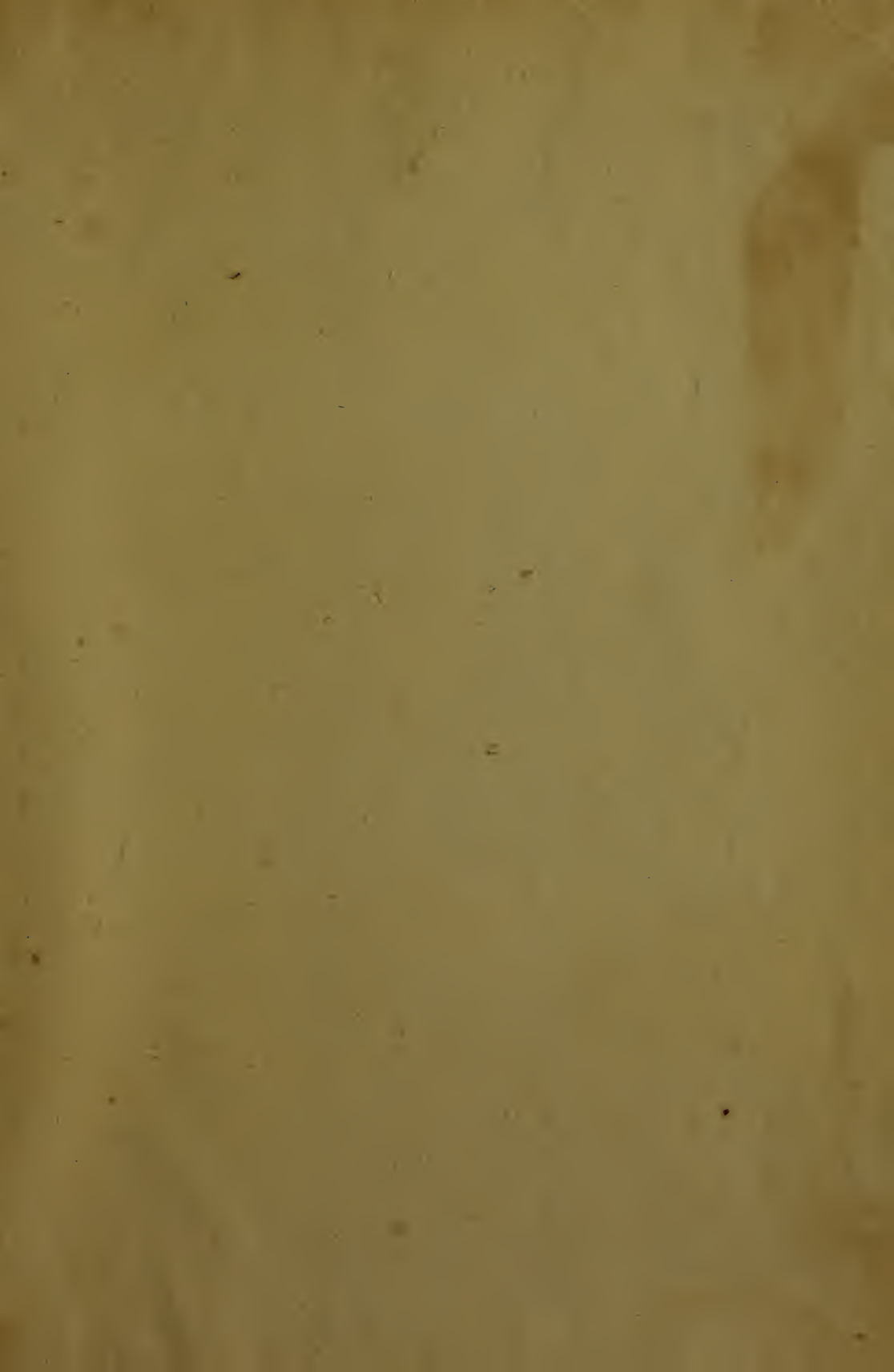
Returne, returne my Willy, my Billy,
returne my dove and my deare,
The weather doth change, then seeme not strange,
thou shalt be lodged here.
My Willie, my Bille, my hony, my cony.
my love, my dove, my deare,
Oh oh, the weatl er doth change then seem not strange,
oh oh, and thou shalt be lodged here.

My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love.

My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
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My heart is full of love,
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My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love,
My heart is full of love.



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